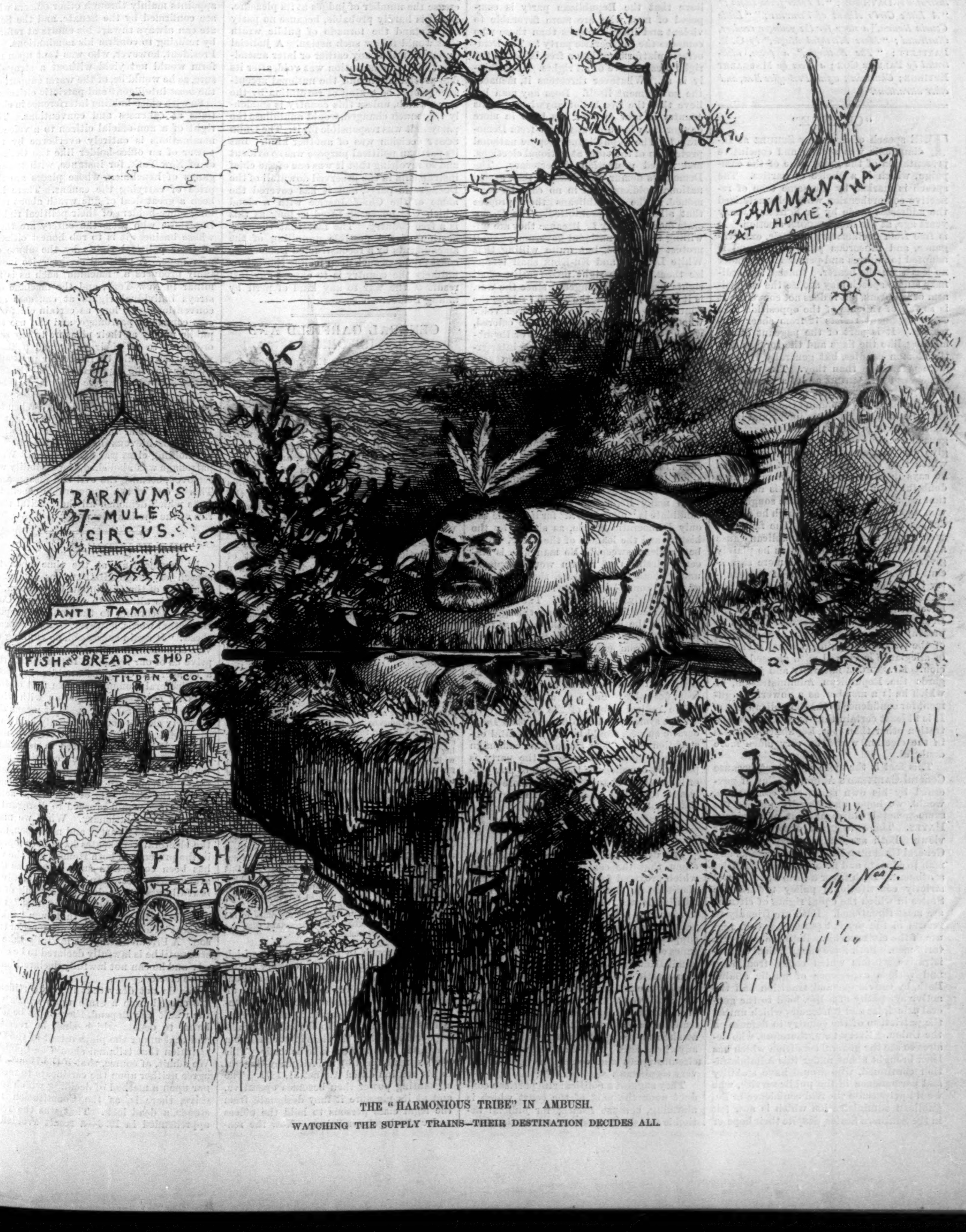
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1233.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


TAMMANY HALL
"AT HOME"
BARNUM'S
7-MULE
CIRCUS.
ANTI TAMM
FISH AND BREAD-SHOP
TILDEN & CO.
FISH
BREAD
Th. Nast.

THE "HARMONIOUS TRIBE" IN AMBUSH.

WATCHING THE SUPPLY TRAINS—THEIR DESTINATION DECIDES ALL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 14, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 40, issued August 3, opens with Chapter Ten of "The Moral Pirates," in which the pirates learn to navigate the waters of a canal, illustrated by* Frost; *an article on steeples, descriptive of some perilous ascents, and curious facts concerning them; "Old Times in the Colonies," No. 3, a thrilling story of an escape from Indians, illustrated by* Pyle; *"Tom Chester Buys a Silver Mine," the story of a boy's experience among the mines of Colorado, by* A. A. Hayes, Jun.; *stories of "Wolf Children"; "The Ship of the Desert," one of the Natural History Series, illustrated; Chapter Four of* Lossing's *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated by* Davidson; *"A Letter from India;" "A Little Girl's Ascent of Vesuvius;" "Little Cousin Ranna," a story for the younger readers, illustrated; "More Mirthful Magic," by* G. B. Bartlett; *"The Butterfly," a poem, illustrated by* Palmer Cox; *a poem by* Margaret Eytinge; *Charades; a full Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

"CHANGE."

The speech of Secretary Schurz at Indianapolis was a calm and conclusive presentation of the great issue of the campaign, which is a choice of parties. The speech is marked by the same tone of reflective comprehension which characterized the addresses made by Mr. Schurz twenty years ago, at the first Lincoln election. It is free from declamatory rhetoric, extravagance, and rancorous party spirit, and is adapted to impress and persuade the reader no less than the hearer. Indeed, the ordinary stump speech may arouse the enthusiasm of believers, but it does not convert. It is so full of ridicule of the opposition that every opponent resists it from sheer self-respect. It is part of the pageant of the meeting, like the flags and the torches and the Roman candles, but generally it is no more persuasive than they. The political speeches of Mr. Schurz are of a very different kind. They may not evoke vociferous applause, but they command the thoughtful attention of the great intelligent and independent body of voters at which party organs and orators constantly sneer, but which give party organs and orators the success which they crave. Mr. Schurz himself, as he says in this speech, is often rated as a doubtful Republican, but there is no doubt that Republican success is to be sought and won upon the precise issue which he clearly defines and ably discusses. The fact that such a man holds to the Republican cause at this time, for such reasons as he plainly gives, seems to us very much more significant of the actual disposition of the country than that Colonel Forney and General Pearson and General Patrick H. Jones have either returned or gone over to the Democratic camp. It is because there is no present public reason for the abandonment of the party by Republicans that a change of allegiance is viewed with amused suspicion. Mr. Schurz naturally and justly regards the Republican Administration, of which he is a member, as a powerful argument for confidence in the Republican party. It is at least certain that were the Administration other than it is, Republican success in the election would be very much more doubtful.

This fact is the more important because General Garfield's Administration, if governed by his own spirit and convictions, would, we hope, undoubtedly pursue the same general course as that of President Hayes. There is great accord in their views. Both are "hard-money men," and General Garfield has done as much as any man to educate and mould a sound financial sentiment. Both favor a firm, friendly, and strictly constitutional policy toward the States in which the equal rights of citizens are most threatened. Both are friendly to reform in the present purely partisan tenure of the civil service. Both are moderate tariff men. Both have the practical administrative wisdom which comes from long and various experience of public affairs. Both, by conviction and tradition and the active sympathy of a life, hold to the general principles and tendencies which united the patriotism of the country in defense of the Union. Every man, therefore, who desires to see the general condition which has been brought about under this Administration continued, who would have stability and permanence in the public service, who would perpetuate the real confidence in Republican administration which is now felt in the Southern States, despite their hope of snatching control for their own purposes—in a word, every man who at a time of general prosperity and tranquillity deprecates a sudden, violent, and total change, involving a thousand uncertainties and perilous risks, will gladly give his vote to secure an Administration which will pursue the same wise and temperate course which has distinguished this. A "Sunday-school" Administration is quite as agreeable to a sober, industrious, prosperous, and moral people as a "Whiskey Ring," or "Tammany," or "solid South" Administration. When the worst that can be said of a man or of a government is that it is "goody," it needs no other vindication. England thought Mr. Gladstone "goody," and tried Lord Beaconsfield, who was not at all "goody." In six years it recalled Mr. Gladstone with acclamation.

Against this intrenchment of Republican administration in general confidence and respect, what is to be said in favor of change? Mr. Bayard suggests virtually that Republican policy prefers the sword to the law. But does any sane man really believe that the Republican party is composed of men who are more favorable to violent and illegal courses than those who compose the Democratic party? The Democratic platform praises a free ballot as the right preservative of all rights. It certainly is so. Whatever threatens it, menaces the government itself. Does any man believe that the free ballot anywhere in this country is now or ever has been in more danger from Republicans than from Democrats? The Republicans propose national protection of the voter at national elections, and armed protection if necessary. The Democrats demur, and demand that armed national soldiers shall in no case be summoned. The Republicans then propose that all arms be prohibited. The Democrats demur. Why? Because they are unwilling that the national government shall protect its voters, but quite willing that White Leagues and Ku-Klux shall terrorize them. If the right preservative of all rights has been endangered since the war, is it at the North or the South? If at the South, was it the white or colored voter who has been threatened? If the colored, was he threatened by Democrats or Republicans? But if the accusation of interfering with a free ballot recoils upon the Democratic party, what other argument will it urge for change? Are Democratic financial views sounder? Why, then, has it nominated an advocate of fiat money as Governor of Indiana, and why is it allied with the Greenbackers in Maine? Is it a truer reform party than the Republican? Granting, as we do, that the Republican party as such is not pledged to reform as we understand it, yet much has been accomplished under its auspices; the question is cardinal with many Republicans; the Republican candidate is "upon record" for it; while the only Democratic reform, as shown by the history and the leaders of the party, would be "a clean sweep." No man who is sincerely desirous of reform would suppose, under these circumstances, that a change of party control of the government would aid it directly or indirectly. The only valid argument for change upon this ground would be the belief that the country feels that there is no danger from Southern domination or from mad money schemes, and is fully ripe for a party organized upon the sole issue of administrative reform. To those who hold this view any change may seem desirable. But a man may earnestly desire radical reform of the political civil service system, and also believe that Democratic success would be the most fatal obstruction to it. The Democratic campaign naturally languishes because the party is painfully conscious of the want of any other issue than "change," and the more colorless its candidate appears, the more evident that want becomes.

POLITICS IN COURT.

The decision of the highest court in Indiana, that the constitutional amendment which provided for a registry of voters and abolished the October election had not been legally adopted, was announced just in time to affect the action of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati. It was naturally supposed to have been timed to aid the fortunes of Mr. Hendricks by showing that his nomination would probably make Indiana Democratic in October, and so influence favorably the national result in November. It did not have that result, however, although a candidate for the Vice-Presidency was selected from Indiana, but one who seems to awaken no more enthusiasm at home than anywhere else. But the decision and the circumstances and comments upon it are very significant.

They suggest a political and partisan conduct upon the part of the court which is alarming, because respect for judicial action is the sheet-anchor of our institutions. As we have heretofore remarked, the standing of the late Chief Judge of Appeals in New York was always seriously affected by the public consciousness that he was a party politician. That a judicial decision should be made of a kind and under circumstances to favor the conviction that it was meant to further a partisan purpose is startling, and yet this is the general feeling about the Indiana opinion. The feeling may be wrong, but it is not removed by the decision itself, which seems to assert the very questionable doctrine that a constitutional amendment is not adopted by a majority of the vote cast expressly for it at a general election if that majority be not also a majority of the whole vote cast at the election.

The incident in Indiana turns attention to the allegation that one of the mischiefs to be apprehended from Democratic success in the national election would be a reconstruction of the Supreme Court for the purpose of annulling some of the *post bellum* amendments of the Constitution. This, of course, is possible, because Congress may increase the number of judges at its pleasure. But it is hardly probable, because no party could stand the tornado of public wrath that would follow such action. A judicial declaration that any earlier or later amendment of the Constitution was void, after its due proclamation and the national acceptance, would be a kind of revolution by the court which, unless this country is suddenly very much changed, would annihilate the party that was responsible for it. The Dred Scott decision was of another kind. But its partisan political purpose was so evident and so revolting that it was one of the chief instruments in the deserved downfall of the Democratic party, and it has covered the name of the Chief Justice with a cloud which will never be lifted so long as this is a free country. The fact that the suggestion of the possible annulling of the amendments by a reconstructed Democratic court produces such deep feeling shows how unlikely the country is to expose any just result of the war to any kind of peril by aiding Democratic success.

GENERAL GARFIELD AND REFORM.

A special dispatch to the Springfield *Republican* from Cleveland reports General Garfield as saying in that city that the statements of his letter relating to the civil service should not be interpreted as in any sense a renunciation of his former well-known position. He feels that the most important point is to secure legislative action fixing the tenure of office, and regulating the part that members of Congress should take in appointments. He holds that while they may be consulted by the Executive, their opinions are entitled to no more weight than those of other citizens. We do not suppose that General Garfield's opinions on this subject have changed in any particular. The fullest statement of them in detail that we know him to have made was in a speech at Athens, Ohio, in August, 1877. He then said:

> "The President is earnestly seeking to reform the civil service of the country, and he deserves the cordial support of all good men in his efforts. There are two cardinal evils of the service toward which all efforts at reform should be directed. The first relates to tenure of the office, the second, to Executive appointments.... Let it once be fully understood that continuance in office depends solely upon the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties, and that no man is to be removed merely to make place for another, and the reform will be half accomplished. Again, the appointing power must be liberated from Congressional control; this must be done both for the sake of the service and for the protection of legislators. The Constitution shields members of Congress from arrest during their attendance upon sessions of Congress, and while going to and from the same. This is done, not for their sake, but because the country has need of their unobstructed service. In the same spirit they should be shielded from arrest in their legislative duties by the throng of aspirants who seek for office, not on their own merits, but through the influence of members of Congress. No doubt the President can be aided in the choice of officers by members of Congress, but they should not be allowed to use the patronage of the Executive as a means of paying political debts. The President has sought to separate the duties of his subordinates from party politics. In this he will have the earnest support of the people. In my opinion, however, he has gone too far in prohibiting office-holders from taking part in primary meetings and nominating Conventions. The right of a citizen to determine who shall be nominated for office in his own precinct is sometimes more important than the right to vote for the nominees."

There is much in this statement which will be entirely satisfactory to every friend of reform; some of it they will question. If Congress has power to fix the tenure of office, which is unquestionable, as Mr. Webster held, so it has power to attach regulations and conditions to the office, including specification of the class of persons from whom the appointment is to be made. This was expressly held by the Attorney-General in his opinion dated August 31, 1871. The appointing power then becomes operative, and at its pleasure it may designate from the legal class persons to hold the offices under the legal conditions. Now the reason that the recommendation of members of Congress has become dictation to the Executive is the reason that it will still be dictation until a method of selection is adopted, either by the Executive or by Congress itself, which political interference can not affect. If such interference is tolerated at all, it inevitably becomes supreme. Our own experience in this country proves it, as that of England had proved it.

Give politics any control of appointments, and politics will control them absolutely. England tried limited nomination by members of Parliament, and very soon discarded it as futile. The whole sea will come in at a knot-hole. If, however, Congress does not choose to abolish patronage by prescribing qualifications, and by requiring appointments to be made from those who are ascertained by proper tests to be qualified, the President may inform himself of those qualifications in the manner that he chooses, and the manner, if he could establish it, may make patronage impossible. But the Executive power is limited. The President appoints mainly through other officers who are confirmed by the Senate, and the Senate can always thwart his efforts at reform by refusing to confirm his nominations. A President, however, who was bent upon reform would not yield without a struggle, sure, as he would be, of the warm support of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens.

So with office-holding interference in elections at caucuses and conventions. The right of a non-official citizen to a voice in nominations is entirely overborne by the power of an office-holder like the Collector of New York, for instance, with trained gangs of henchmen, whose places are the price of carrying the caucus. There has been a great deal of fine wrath about robbing office-holders of their political rights. But those who raise the outcry are those whose business it is to rob honest citizens of their political rights by the abuse of patronage. A political civil service inevitably produces a "machine" such as is familiar in New York, and the machine destroys individual rights at caucuses and conventions. So long as certain chief officers command patronage, and can use the public money at their pleasure to pay subordinates to do their party and political work, they should be rigorously prevented from having the opportunity. But the true course is to abolish mere patronage. Then such officers and all present "bosses" will be equal with all other citizens. When the power of patronage was at its height in England, official interference at elections was so mischievous that the whole minor office-holding class was disfranchised. When patronage was abolished, the disability was removed, because the evil had disappeared. This is one of the innumerable conclusive facts which demolish all the fanciful theories of the spoils system.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

In commenting at the time upon the speech of Judge Hoadley as temporary chairman of the Cincinnati Convention, we quoted his allusion to the Electoral Commission according to the published report. His actual words, however, were, it appears, these: "If again successful, no cunning device of dishonest arbitration shall again deprive us of our rights." If this means that a Democratic Congress would not appoint an Electoral Commission like that of 1876, it is an expression of opinion with which we do not quarrel. If, again, it means that no party can be constitutionally held to be successful in a Presidential election until the result has been declared in accordance with law and precedent, we certainly agree with the remark. If, however, it means that the Democratic party, upon an assumption of the dishonesty of any lawful action of Congress, would proceed to disregard it, then it is revolutionary. What we maintain is that no "party" and no person, until the electoral certificates have been opened in the presence of both Houses, and the vote has been counted in such manner as Congress may direct, can constitutionally or lawfully assume to decide the result of the election. Hence the "strong man" talk, and that about this or that man "taking his seat" if elected, is sheer nonsense or treason. A President can not lawfully take his seat until he is lawfully declared to be elected: and he can not lawfully declare himself to be elected.

We do not deny that if two certificates are offered from a State upon whose vote the result may depend, there must be a tribunal to decide which shall be received, and that under the plain intent of the Constitution that tribunal should be Congress. We admit, of course, that if the Houses can agree neither upon the certificate to receive nor upon a method of deciding which to receive, there is, as the Constitution now stands, a dead lock. That was the result apprehended in 1876—a result avoided by the judicious and patriotic action of Congress in agreeing upon a method of decision between contesting certificates. Ever since that time we have urged Congress, as a paramount duty, to provide a constitutional prevention of a danger so fatal and so imminent. But the conversion of Congress into a Returning Board, as the Morgan resolution proposes, is not a satisfactory solution, nor one in accord with the spirit of the Constitution. It is a mere temporary expedient for the benefit of a party.

It is argued in favor of Congress as a Returning Board that as Congress alone has the constitutional right to fix the day on which the electors are to be appointed, and the day upon which they are to cast their votes, it may obliterate the interval between the two acts, and thus effectually preclude State scrutiny of the vote for electors. Here is a case, it is contended, in which the people would have no remedy but in the action of Congress. But authority to Congress to scrutinize the vote would not remedy the trouble if the two Houses differed upon the method of scrutiny, unless there were a constitutional amendment; and that amendment should provide for State scrutiny, and so preserve the plain intent of the Constitution, and remove the plea for making Congress a Returning Board. A correspondent, A. C. M., suggests that a proper amendment, in order to avoid danger of civil outbreak, would give the Supreme Court jurisdiction to entertain the writ of *quo warranto* by any claimant to the office of President, and he would have the person apparently elected by the more authentic certificates take the office *de facto* pending the claim *de jure*. The latter course, however, would be impracticable, because the Houses might differ as to "probable authenticity"; and as for the former, the country would be very slow to decide that it would be wise to authorize one branch of the government to determine the validity of the title of a co-ordinate branch. But without discussing this, it is evident that all these questions would be avoided if each State were compelled either to decide its own electoral differences or to lose its electoral vote.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake describes his impressions of America in a singularly fresh and attractive manner in the *Nineteenth Century*. One of his English critics says that the article is rather gossipy, and sometimes even trivial, but confesses that a great deal of information is to be gathered from it. Mr. Holyoake's observations are very suggestive. He was amazed that a simple printed request kept everybody off the grass in the New York parks, and the unfenced estates in parts of New England delighted him. The usual American question, How do you like America? struck him as so unusual that he wondered why nobody at home asks the stranger how he likes England. He suggests as the reason that in England the people do not feel that they own the country, or are responsible for it; it is owned by the crown and the great landlords. And Mr. Holyoake was much impressed by the truth of a remark made to him by the Reverend Heber Newton: "We have no 'common' people in America. We may have a few uncommon people."

The general courtesy in travel was very agreeable to our observer, and the energy of local pride amused him. "Have you *never* been to Chicago?" asked a companion in the smoking-car, with the mingled incredulity, amazement, and pity of him who asked, "Have you never been in Troy, New York?" Mr. Holyoake pleaded that he was an Englishman hastening from London for the purpose of seeing Chicago. "Sir," said his companion, laying his hand solemnly upon the pilgrim's shoulder—"sir, Chicago is the boss city of the universe." There is a great deal of pungency in some of Mr. Holyoake's remarks: "Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements." "Far be it from me to suggest that Americans, as a rule, do not possess the capacity of truth, but in trade they do not strike you as exercising the talent with the same success that they show in many other ways." "The certainty of an earthquake every few years in England would not more distress us or divert the current of business than the American system of having 100,000 office-holders liable to displacement at every Presidential election." "In America I heard men praised as 'level-headed,' without any regard to their being 'moral-headed,' and heard men called 'smart' who were simply rascals."

Mr. Holyoake found that some things cheap in England are "indescribably dear" in America, while very much more important things are cheaper. In Chicago you can get a cup of good coffee, served in neat china, on a marble table, with a napkin, for five cents, but you must pay for "shining up" your shoes four hundred per cent. more than in London. He was charged three shillings in the boss city of the universe for a walking-stick which he could buy in London for sixpence; but he reflects that the American government will give you for nothing 160 acres of land, with trees enough on it to build a small navy. Mr. Holyoake was especially interested in the opportunity offered by this country for co-operative emigration and colonization. This is his remedy for European political and industrial ills. Unrequited workmen in Europe should be "dispersed," and every poor child should be educated as an emigrant. "While honest men," says our friendly critic, "are doomed to linger anywhere in poverty and precariousness, the world is not fit for a gentleman to live in. Dives may have his purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I, for one, pray that the race of Dives may increase; but what I wish also is, that never more shall a Lazarus be found at his gates."

FOURTH-OF-JULY FACTS.

The London *Times* says that the late Fourth of July was "energetically celebrated in the United States." The American colony in Paris, also, did not forget it. They had a delightful banquet upon the 5th, at the Continental Hotel, at which there were sixty-six guests, and General Noyes, Minister to France, presided. The dinner was "exquisite," and Mr. J. W. Foster, the United States Minister to Russia, and Judge Black, and ex-Governors Stanford and Hoffman, Major-General Keyes, Consul-General Walker, and Mr. Elliott F. Shepard made "energetic" and excellent speeches. Mr. Walker's speech, in reply to the toast of the material prosperity of the United States and France, and the establishment of closer commercial relations between them, was especially striking and interesting. Mr. Walker is a thorough student of finance and political economy, and the speeches of such gentlemen are always full of interesting and significant facts like this:

> "In 1870 the cost of transporting food and merchandise between the Western and the Eastern States was from a cent and a half to two cents a ton a mile. I well remember a conversation which I had in 1870 or 1871 with Mr. William B. Ogden, of Chicago, one of the modest railway kings of that primitive period. In a vein of sanguine prophecy, Mr. Ogden exclaimed to me, 'Mr. Walker, you will live to see freight brought from Chicago to New York at a cent a ton a mile!' 'Perhaps so,' I replied; 'but I fear this result will not be reached in my time.' In 1877 or 1878 the cost had fallen to three-eighths of a cent a ton a mile, and although this price was not remunerative, I was told by one of the highest authorities in railway matters that five-eighths of a cent would be perfectly satisfactory. The effect of this reduction in the cost of transportation is precisely as though the inexhaustible grain fields and pastures across the Mississippi had been moved bodily eastward to the longitude of Ohio and Western New York. It is estimated that it takes a quarter of a ton of bread and meat to feed a grown man in Massachusetts for a year. The bread and meat come to him from the far West, and I have no doubt that it will astonish you to be told, as it lately astonished me, that a single day of this man's labor, even if it be of the commonest sort, will pay for transporting his year's subsistence for a thousand miles."

It is remarkable that while Mr. Walker was stating this striking fact in Paris, Mr. Edward Atkinson was publishing in London the same truth.

> "The movement of one year's subsistence of grain and meat for an adult working-man a distance of one thousand miles is equal to a dollar and twenty-five cents, or five shillings, which sum is equal to one day's wages of a common workman, or half the daily wages of a good carpenter or mason. Half of one day's wages, one thousand miles, and the movement of one year's subsistence, are synonymous terms. One day's pay places the mechanic of Massachusetts next door to the Western prairies a thousand miles away."

PUNISHING OPINION.

A French Republican in Canada objects to our objection to the dissolution of the Jesuit schools in France. He says that everything which acts against Republican institutions ought to be extirpated, as a weed is rooted out of the garden.

Has our correspondent ever heard of Philip II. of Spain and the Inquisition? Did he ever read of any kind of political or religious persecution that was not justified by the plea that weeds must be rooted out of the garden? A republic is a garden for the growth of individual liberty, and the first condition of liberty is the perfect freedom of all opinion. When people who hold unrepublican opinions disturb public order or violate private right, they must be made to keep order, not because of their opinions, but of their conduct.

In this country there are many persons who hold that an empire is better than a republic, and many who would like to have priests control the schools. But they are not disturbed until they begin to break the peace. The doctrine of liberty is that opinion can better be met by opinion, and force by force. There is no tribunal to determine the absolute correctness of opinion, and since all opinions may be equally sincere, the condition of peace and progress is equal liberty of opinion under the law.

MEMORIAL STATUES.

The unveiling of a statue of Samuel Adams in Boston, the work of Miss Whitney, who made the fine study for a sitting figure of Sumner, is another illustration of the manner in which Massachusetts commemorates her worthies. It is both a cause and a consequence of the strong local pride of that State, which is solid and serious, not hysterical or unreasonable. The caustic comments of Wendell Phillips can not disguise the fact that Massachusetts cherishes a deep feeling for her great men by birth or adoption. There are statues of Franklin and Webster and Mann and Sumner and Everett and Adams and Andrews and Quincy, and how many more, all of which serve to stimulate the younger men to emulation, and prove one State at least not to be ungrateful.

New York is a great State, which counts great men in its history, but how few of them are commemorated in statues. In the Central Park there are busts and statues of Shakespeare and Humboldt and Goethe and Halleck and Webster, and presently of Burns, and there is a statue of Morse. They are all worthy, and it is becoming in a great cosmopolitan city to decorate itself with memorials of great men of all lands. But New York is also the chief city of the chief State in the Union, among whose children are illustrious names. John Jay, Robert Livingston, Robert Fulton, George and De Witt Clinton, are all most worthy of commemoration, with Seward, whose statue we have. Indeed, the city of New York has no more illustrious son than Jay, but the city yet wants his statue, although it came near having that of Tweed.

It is that homogeneity of feeling which has always distinguished New England which gives her an incisive influence. When the Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill and Bennington centenaries were celebrated, all New England had a common pride, and made common cause. The statue of Sam Adams recalls a man who spoke not only for Massachusetts, but for New England, because their sentiment was one. John Jay spoke as truly for the patriotism of New York, and when the anniversary of his appointment by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States occurs, let us hope that his statue may not be still wanting.

MEN AND THINGS.

A curious instance of inaccuracy in an author who would have winced to know that this kind of slip by him could be shown is mentioned in a late *Spectator*. "Few readers of the 'Faerie Queene,' according to Macaulay, have been in at the death of the Blatant Beast, a proof that the brilliant essayist, omnivorous reader though he was, had never reached the end of the sixth book, for the Blatant Beast does not die."

A private letter from London says of Mr. M. D. Conway: "His discourses and his service are decidedly original. Last Sunday he gave a fine Fourth-of-July oration, in which he set forth the causes of the Revolutionary war, with an analysis of the Declaration of Independence, and showed that the principles there declared were essentially English. He gave some pretty hard hits at the policy of British foreign war. The whole tone of the discourse was noble and broad, and it seemed remarkable that an American speaker could stand up before an audience of Englishmen and preach such ideas."

We have already alluded to the "Reminiscences of a Journalist," under which title Mr. C. T. Congdon has been publishing in the *Tribune* his personal recollections. Some of his remarks upon one of the most noted literary figures of forty and fifty years ago, N. P. Willis—whom he declares to be utterly forgotten—are interesting. He says that Mr. Willis as a journalist and editor "did a good deal to correct the somewhat savage and coarse style of the prevailing journalism of the period. If the matter of his articles had been as good as the manner, and if he had not principally confined himself to evanescent topics, he would have made a fame equal to that of Addison or of Washington Irving. But he would write, in English which to-day I still think to be exquisite, about hats and coats, parties and receptions, and all manner of fashionable tweedledum and tweedledee. He was intensely egotistical, but then it was always in a graceful and well-bred way. He was unmistakably foppish in his work, but somehow you could not help feeling that there was a good degree of manliness under it all, and here and there a great cropping out of common-sense."

PERSONAL.

On Saturday, July 24, the Boston *Transcript* celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its first publication, and reproduced for its readers a facsimile of the first number. Although the paper was very small, nearly all its columns were filled with advertisements, the projector and editor, Mr. L. M. Walter, furnishing "copy" that would not suffice to fill a single column of the *Transcript* of to-day. It was issued experimentally only for three days, and then suspended for a month; but at the end of that time its publication was resumed, and has since continued without interruption. During its half century of existence the *Transcript* has had five chief editors—Mr. Walter, his sister (now Mrs. Richards), Epes Sargent, Daniel N. Haskell, and the present editor, William A. Hovey. It has always been a bright, entertaining paper. It is an eight-page journal, with a high character for its literary selections, book reviews, and other original articles, and enjoys a deserved reputation in the matter of newspaper enterprise.

—M. Bruery, a Catholic priest, aged ninety-three, was converted two years ago to Protestantism, and was recently married by the Mayor of Cannes to Mlle. Vernet, a Protestant, aged thirty-three years.

—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has bought for himself a nice house surrounded by extensive grounds.

—The late Mr. Tom Taylor had £1500 a year for editing *Punch*—a fact which leads the *St. James Gazette* to remark that this was "very good pay for editing a small weekly paper which depends more upon its artistic than its literary merits."

—Marshal Canrobert, at the close of the review of the 14th of July, addressing M. Gambetta, expressed his warm satisfaction at the ceremony, adding, "It is a new army, and I sincerely desire it may be more fortunate than ours."

—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of Croydon, brother to Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, has just become entitled to a legacy amounting to about £15,000, bequeathed to him by a member of his former congregation at Notting Hill.

—The late Colonel Robert G. Shaw's memory is soon to be honored by the erection of a monument in Boston. A short time after his death $3000 was collected for the purpose. The committee disagreed about the artist, and the money was invested—so well that it now amounts to nearly $13,000.

—The widow of Lieutenant Greble, who fell at Big Bethel, being the first commissioned officer who was killed in the civil war, was buried at Woodlands, July 26. She was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. French, who for many years was rector of the Church of the Epiphany, in Washington, and who was afterward a professor at West Point, where his daughter was married. After her husband's death the young widow became a nurse at the Military Hospital, in company with the widow of Commander Ward, of the navy, who was killed on the Potomac about the time of Lieutenant Greble's death. Mrs. Ward died only a few weeks ago.

—A friend of George Eliot's writes from England to *The Woman's Journal*:

> "Mr. John Cross is an excellent man of forty-two years, rich, and an old and devoted friend of the Lewses. Mr. Lewes was very fond of him. He lived close by the Lewses' country place, and came in and out like an attached relation. He admired Mrs. Lewes profoundly, and always said he would do anything in the world for her. He is not an intellectual companion, like Mr. Lewes, but a strong, solid, reliable man, who gives you at once a sense of confidence: a thoroughly reliable, kind, upright, steadfast man: a thorough support: such a man as any woman would be thankful to have near her as a constant and devoted friend. Nothing is more wise and more happy than that such an invaluable friend should be allowed to supply the daily care and affectionate companionship which his admiration and his affection both made him long to give. And Mrs. Lewes is not the woman, with her tender and yielding nature (so unconsciously sketched in Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea), to resist the soothing support of such devoted affection."

—Mr. Wharton Barker and Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, accompanied by several engineers, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have gone to Russia, at the invitation of the Czar's government, who have accorded to Mr. Barker the sole right of opening the Donetz coal-fields, north of the Sea of Azov, with the privilege of building a railway 200 miles north, to the immense grain district, which now needs an outlet. The magnitude of the undertaking is indicated by the fact that Mr. Barker expects to employ a capital of $8,000,000 in prosecuting the work.

—Miss Kate Field, in an interview with Bradlaugh, asked, "Where do you find time to edit the *National Reformer*?" and he answered: "I don't; Mrs. Besant does most of the work, and well she does it. The *World* states that my daughters assist me in editing the paper. This is incorrect. I think all women should be employed, so my daughters do the summary of news, amounting to about two columns every week, for which I pay them a regular salary."

—Bret Harte is well satisfied with his new consulate at Glasgow. He will pass some weeks with Mr. Froude at his residence in Devonshire, and is engaged upon a novel of country life in England, whose scene is laid in Devonshire.

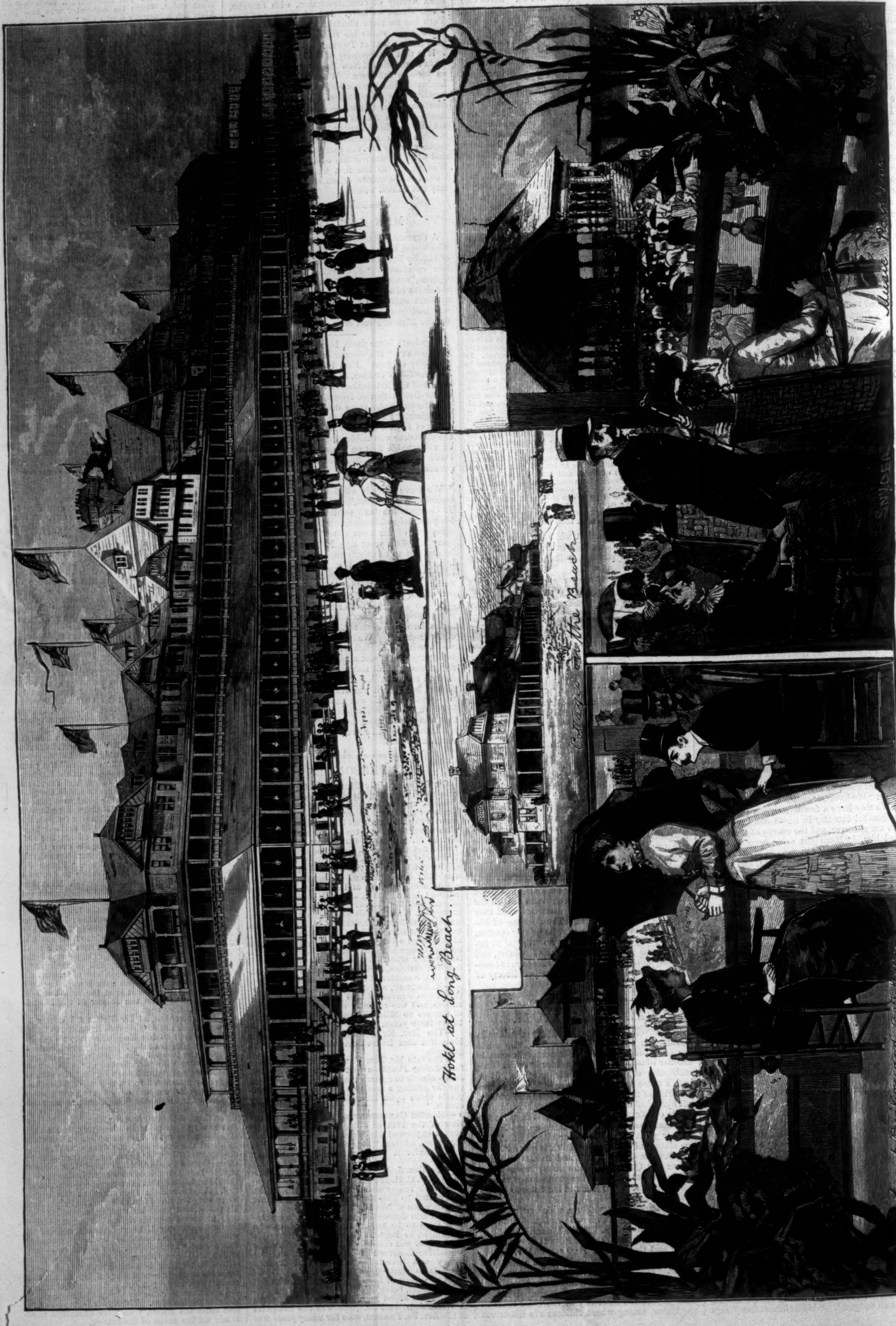
—The famous African explorer may now be addressed as "Dr." Henry M. Stanley. A year ago the German Academy of Leopold and Caroline conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In a letter of thanks to the president of the academy, bearing date "Camp in the District of Utanda, on the Congo, March 26, 1880," he says, "On the borders of a beautiful region, and filled only with the magnitude of my task, I had entirely forgotten the civilized world behind me, when I was greeted by you as Doctor of Philosophy."

—Lord Beaconsfield is said by a London portrait painter to have been one of his best sitters. "He sat motionless—didn't move once, didn't speak once." The portrait is now in the Junior Carleton Club's dining-room.

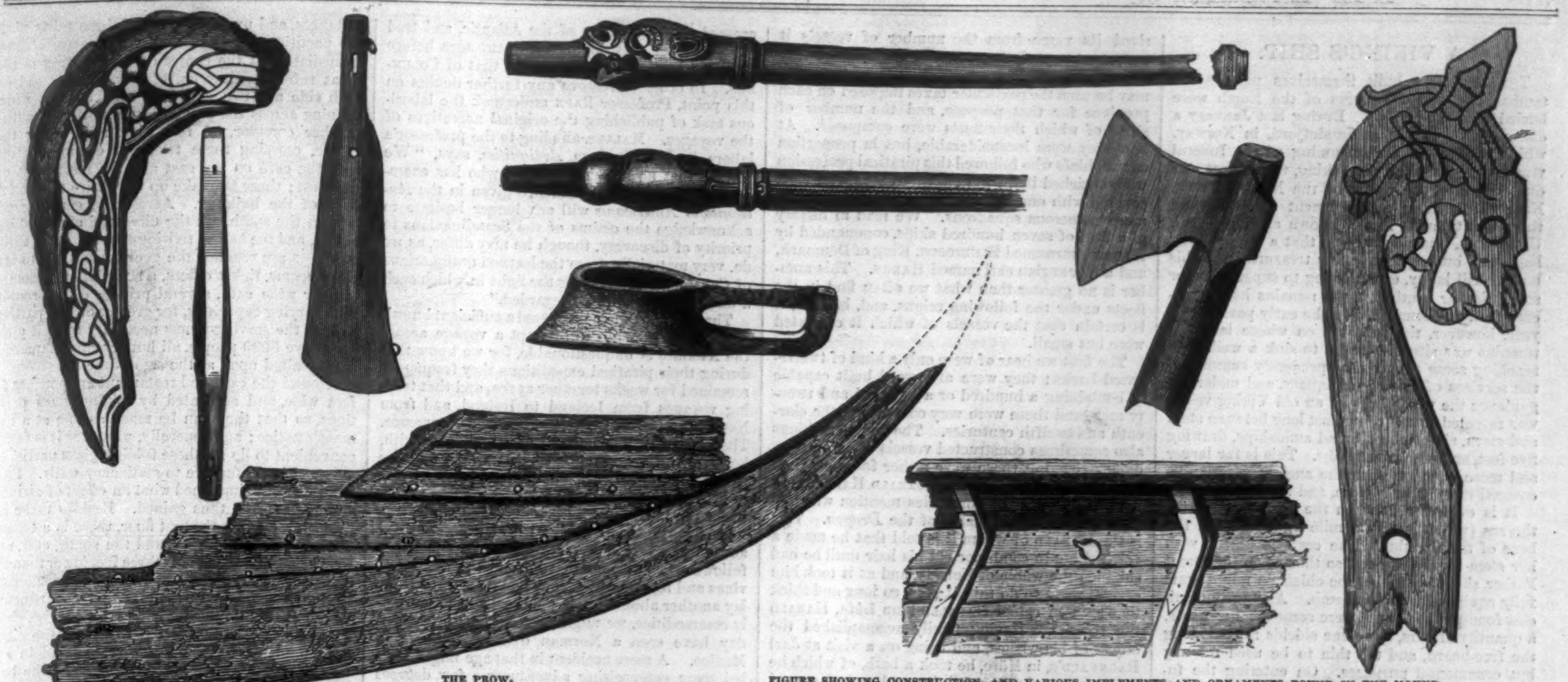
—Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington, has forwarded to Captain Charles Potter, of New Bedford, a binocular glass bearing the following inscription: "Presented by the British government to Captain Charles Potter, of the bark *Ferris S. Thompson*, of New York, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the bark *Ennesdale*, of Whitehaven, abandoned at sea on the 6th of September, 1879." The wrecked crew were refugees from a burning vessel.

—When Mr. Gladstone "doubled" the parts of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, a multitude of minor offices and functions fell to his lot *de facto*. Thus he holds the post of Master and Worker of the Mint, and thus he becomes liable to the judicial proceeding known as the "trial of the pyx." The pyx (which, by-the-bye, is only the Greek way of spelling box) meant of old the holy casket containing the consecrated Host; some etymologists even tell us that the word survives, though transformed, and that the vulgar-seeming phrase, "Please the pigs," is really a devout reference to the *saint ciboire*. Now it means, in English Mint language, a certain iron safe into which specimen pieces from each batch of gold and silver coinage are placed. On a set day the Lord Chancellor summons a jury of goldsmiths; he charges them with the assay of the pieces in the pyx, and pending the result he delivers into their custody all the officers of the Mint. From 1290 A.D. no precedent exists for the punishment of the Queen's coiners when they fail of their duty. The pyx pieces having always been of true weight and goodness, the coiners have always been acquitted. At the recent trial the result was as happy as usual, and the Master of the Mint is safe for another year.

—Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood, who accompanied the ex-Empress Eugénie to Zululand, has sent to the English papers a description of the death of the Prince Imperial, collected from the independent narratives of eighteen of the Zulus who participated in the attack on the Prince's party, and showing that the attacking party numbered forty, twelve of whom followed the Prince, and eight were immediately concerned in his death. The Zulus, having nearly surrounded the Prince's party, fired, and rushed on them as they were mounting. The Prince, not having succeeded in mounting, ran alongside his horse until it broke away. The Prince followed the horse into the donga, until, being closely pressed by his pursuers, he turned upon them—in the words of the Zulus—"like a lion at bay." Being struck by an assegai inside the left shoulder, he rushed at the nearest opponent, who fled. Another Zulu then fired at the Prince when only ten yards from him. The Prince fired his pistol, and faced his rapidly increasing foes, until menaced from his right and rear, and struck by another assegai, he regained the level on which he had first stood in the donga, where he was speedily surrounded. He seized an assegai which had been thrown at him—in struggling with his terrified horse, his sword had fallen from its scabbard—and thus defended himself against seven or eight Zulus, who state that they did not dare to close on him, until he sank exhausted on his hips. The above facts were elicited from the Zulus, who were examined separately on the scene of the attack.

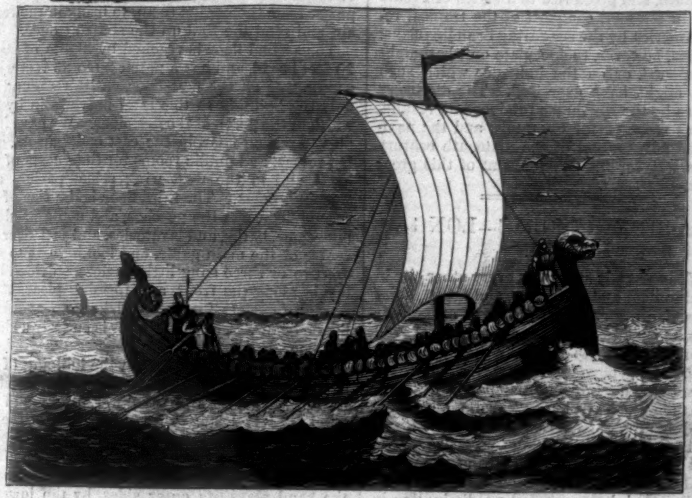

Hotel at Long Beach.
Cottages on the Beach
Music Pavilion
Lunch Pavilion and Bath Houses
SNYDER

THE NEW SUMMER RESORT AT LONG BEACH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 518.]

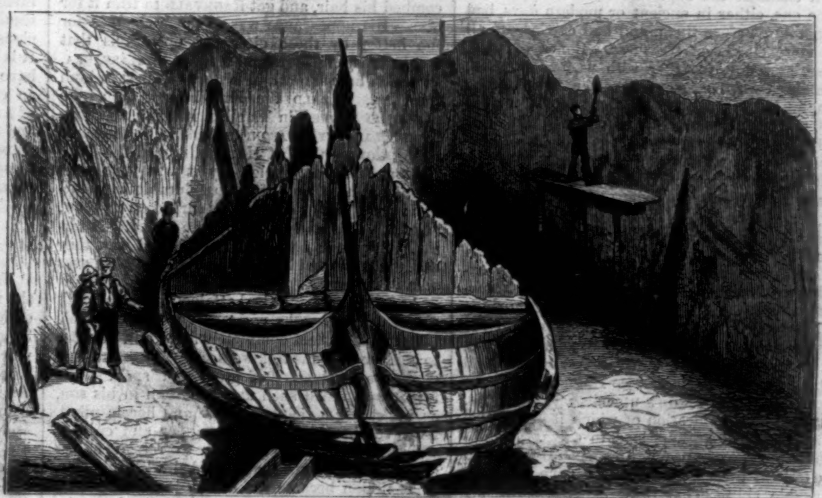


THE PROW.

FIGURE SHOWING CONSTRUCTION, AND VARIOUS IMPLEMENTS AND ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE MOUND.

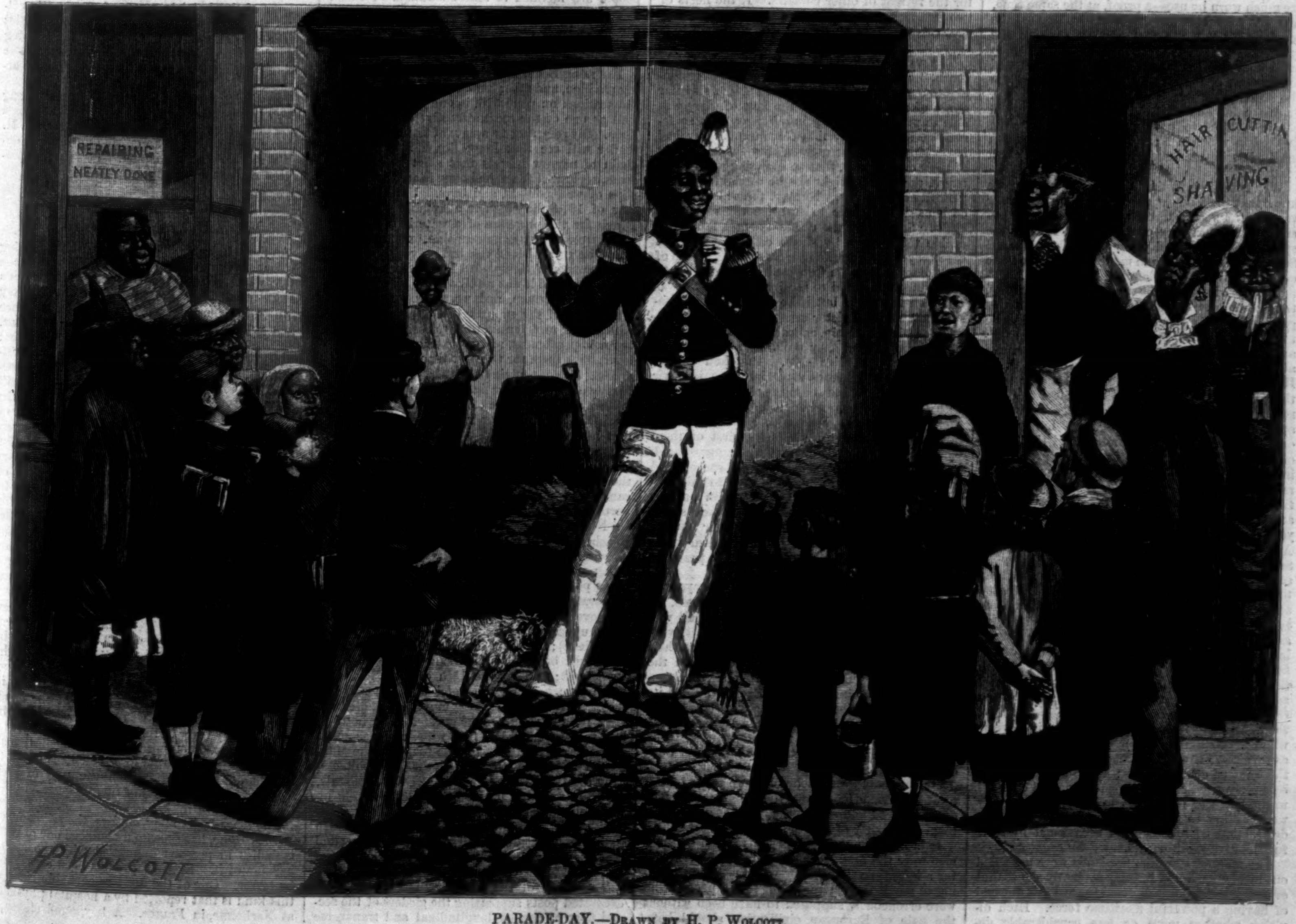


SUPPOSED ORIGINAL APPEARANCE OF THE VESSEL.



REMAINS OF THE VESSEL AS FOUND IN THE "KING'S HILL."

A VIKING'S SHIP, DISCOVERED NEAR SANDEFJORD, NORWAY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]


REPAIRING
NEATLY DONE
HAIR CUTTIN
SHAVING
H.P. WOLCOTT

PARADE-DAY.—DRAWN BY H. P. WOLCOTT.

A VIKING'S SHIP.

The Egyptians built themselves palaces for tombs; the wild sea-rovers of the North were buried with their ships. During last January a discovery was made at Sandefjord, in Norway, which resulted in the exhuming of the funeral vessel of some grand old Viking, whose fleet was once, perhaps, the terror of the Northern seas. Near the bathing establishment at Sandefjord there is a tumulus locally known as King's Hill. Under this, tradition averred that a mighty king had been buried, with costly treasures near his body. Till lately, either owing to superstition or some similar sentiment, the remains had apparently lain undisturbed. In the early part of this year, however, the peasants on whose land the tumulus was situated began to sink a well. On reaching some timber they prudently summoned the services of an able antiquary, and under his guidance the whole body of an old Viking vessel was revealed, seventy-four feet long between stem and stern, sixteen feet broad amidships, drawing five feet, and with twenty ribs. This is far larger and more complete than the ancient vessels discovered in 1863 at Nydam, and in 1867 at Tune.

It is evident that when the burial took place the sea (which is now a mile away) washed the base of the tumulus. The craft is placed with her stem toward the sea, so that when the Great Father should call him, the chieftain might start fully equipped from his tomb. Among the articles found in the vessel were some smaller boats, a quantity of oars, and some shields ranged along the free-board, and too thin to be used for any but ornamental purposes. On entering the funeral chamber the explorers were disappointed. Some one, either in ancient or modern days, had been there before them, and had carried off all the more cherished treasures. Bones of man, horse, and dog, together with various utensils, drinking cups, etc., were, however, found. The tumulus is supposed to date from about the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of Rome, and when Norway was still divided between the wild chieftains and sea-kings.

It is to be regretted that the vessel had been in any way despoiled previous to the late discovery, for in this age of archæological enthusiasm each article would have been the subject of interesting investigations. So much of the ship and its equipment remains, however, as to show exactly the kind of vessel wherewith the old Norsemen ravaged the coasts of Europe, and even made their way to America. The greater part of the mast, which seems to have measured about twenty-two feet, still remains. Remnants of sails and of tackle are frequent, as also fragments or complete specimens of ship's utensils and divisions, the place and application of which it will be the difficult task of antiquarians to solve. Several wooden articles of a peculiar form have been found in excellent preservation, and fashioned with remarkable skill. That these articles, which are about one and a half feet in length, were used as grooves through which the ropes passed is evident from the fact that their circular openings are much worn by use—a proof, at the same time, that this ship must have frequently ploughed the sea before finding a last resting-place in the grave-mound. How these pieces of wood, which are constructed of excellent oak, were fastened to the mast or the body of the ship is a problem the solution of which will be of great interest. If this point be successfully cleared up, we will obtain a hitherto unexpected insight into the method in which a Norwegian Viking ship was handled during manœuvres in the eighth and ninth centuries.

Whatever their methods of navigation were, we know that the Vikings covered the sea with their vessels, and spread terror and desolation over every country that they could reach. During the space of two hundred years they often invaded Scotland and Ireland, and made incursions on the coasts of Livonia, Courland, and Pomerania. Already feared before the time of Charlemagne, they became still more terrible as soon as this great monarch's eyes were closed. He is known to have shed tears on hearing that these barbarians had, on some occasion, defied his name, and all the precautions he had made to oppose them. He foresaw what his people would suffer from their courage under his feeble successors. And never was presage better grounded. They soon spread, like a devouring flame, over Lower Saxony, Friesland, Holland, Flanders, and the banks of the Rhine as far as Mentz. They penetrated into the heart of France, having long before ravaged the coasts. They found their way up the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone. Within the space of thirty years they frequently pillaged and burned Paris, Amiens, Orleans, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Saintes, Angoulême, Nantes, and Tours. They settled themselves in Camargue, at the mouth of the Rhone, from whence they wasted Provence and Dauphiny as far as Valence. In short, they ruined France, levied immense tribute on its monarchs, burned the palace of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, and, in conclusion, caused one of the finest provinces of the kingdom to be ceded to them. They often carried their arms into Spain, and even made themselves dreaded in Italy and Greece. They no less infested the North than the South with their incursions, spreading everywhere desolation and terror. Sometimes they were as furiously bent on their mutual destruction as on the ruin of other nations; sometimes, animated by a more pacific spirit, they transported colonies to unknown or uninhabited countries, as if they were willing to repair in one place the horrid destruction of human kind occasioned by their furious ravages in others.

The manner in which the lands were parcelled out in Denmark and Norway evidently shows that everything there was directed toward this one end of having a powerful maritime force. Each division, whether more or less considerable, derived its name from the number of vessels it was capable of fitting out, and these names still exist in some places. In the history of Denmark may be seen the particular taxes imposed on each province for that purpose, and the number of ships of which their fleets were composed. At first they were inconsiderable, but in proportion as the chiefs who followed this piratical profession were enriched by it, the Northern seas were seen covered with one or two hundred vessels, or still more numerous squadrons. We read in history of a fleet of seven hundred ships, commanded by Harald, surnamed Bluetooth, King of Denmark, and a Norwegian earl named Hakon. This number is no greater than what we often find in the fleets under the following reigns, and, besides, it is certain that the vessels of which it consisted were but small.

The first we hear of were only a kind of twelve-oared barks; they were afterward built capable of containing a hundred or a hundred and twenty men, and these were very common in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Northern kings also sometimes constructed vessels of an extraordinary size, but these were rather for show than defence. Such was that of Harald Hárfagra, a long ship which the chronicles mention with admiration, under the name of the *Dragon*. This is the Harald of whom it is told that he made a vow neither to comb nor cut his hair until he had subdued the whole of Norway, and as it took him several years to do this, it grew so long and thick that he was called Haralld hinn Lúfa, Harald the Hirsute. Having finally accomplished the object of his wishes, and being on a visit at Jarl Ragnvald's, in Möre, he took a bath, of which he no doubt stood very much in need, and afterward combed his hair, and got Ragnvald to trim it for him. His appearance was so much changed for the better by these cleansing operations that Ragnvald gave him the surname of Hárfagra, by which he is known in history—Haralld hinn Hárfagra, Harald the Fair-haired, or as he might be termed in English, Harald Fairfax. King Olaf Tryggvason had a ship of the same description as that of Harald, named the *Long Serpent*. The chronicles say it was very long, large, and high, and of a most durable construction; a serpent or dragon was carved on its prow, and both that and its poop were gilded. It carried thirty-four banks of rowers, and was, they add, the finest and largest ship that had been ever seen in Norway.

As soon as a prince had attained his eighteenth or twentieth year, he commonly requested of his father a small fleet completely fitted out, in order to achieve with his followers some adventure that might be productive of glory and spoil. The father applauded such an inclination in his son, as indicating a rising courage and heroic mind. He gave him ships, the commander and crew of which mutually engaged not to return unless adorned with laurels and loaded with plunder. That nation became the first object of their resentment from which they had received any injury; and frequently their principal aim was to make reprisals on some province which served for the retreat of other corsairs. If the fleets of two different nations met by chance in their voyage, this was also an occasion of fighting which they never neglected.

The vanquished party were commonly put to death, though sometimes the conquerors were content to make them slaves; and often, by a singular strain of generosity, which the love of glory was able to produce in minds in other respects so ferocious, if the enemy that fell in their way had fewer ships than themselves, they set aside part of their own vessels, that so engaging upon equal terms, the victory might not be attributed to superiority of numbers. Many of them also regarded it as dishonorable to surprise the enemy by night. Sometimes the chiefs thought it best to decide the dispute by single combat. In this case they landed on the nearest shore. If one of them happened to be disarmed or thrown down, he frequently refused to receive quarter, and was killed on the spot; but if he had defended himself gallantly, the victor granted him his life, demanded his friendship, adopted him for a kind of foster-brother, and they mutually swore to preserve an eternal friendship. In token of this alliance the two heroes made incisions in their hands or arms, and besmeared their weapons with the blood; or, mixing it in a cup, each of them, covering his head with a sod, drank of it, swearing that the death of the first of them who fell in battle should not pass unavenged. Many of these piratical princes, whom success and custom had attached and habituated to this profession, never quitted it, but gloried in passing the remainder of their lives on board their ships. We meet with them sometimes, in their ancient histories, boasting that they never reposed under an immovable roof, nor drank beer in peace by their fireside.

The vessels of these corsairs were always well provided with offensive arms, such as stones, arrows, cables, with which they overset small vessels, and grappling-irons to board them. Every individual was skillful in swimming; and as their engagements were seldom far distant from the shore, the vanquished party often saved themselves by swimming to land. Each band had its own peculiar stations, ports, places of rendezvous, and magazines, and many cities in the North owe their present prosperity to the advantage they had of affording them retreats. Such was Lunden in Scania, which, according to Adam of Bremen, contained great riches laid up there by the pirates. For a long time the kings themselves countenanced and shared their plunder by selling them the liberty of retiring into their harbor.

It is now generally conceded that the Northmen were the first discoverers of America, though for a long time the literary world seemed unwilling to admit the startling fact that a people who were erroneously supposed to have been without the pale of European civilization should have crossed the wild waves of the Atlantic, and trod the shores of this mighty continent ages before its name became associated with that of Columbus. In order to remove any further doubts on this point, Professor Rafn undertook the laborious task of publishing the original narratives of the voyages. Mallet, alluding to the professor's labors in his *Northern Antiquities*, says, "We believe that no impartial person who has examined the documentary evidence given in the *Antiquitates Americanæ* will any longer hesitate to acknowledge the claims of the Scandinavians to priority of discovery, though he may differ, as we do, very materially, from the learned antiquarians of Copenhagen respecting the light in which such a discovery ought to be regarded."

That the Northmen possessed a sufficient knowledge of seamanship to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic is unquestionable, for we know that during their piratical expeditions they frequently remained for weeks together at sea, and that trading voyages from Iceland to Ireland, and from Norway to Greenland, were of common occurrence. The part of America they were acquainted with, however, offered no inducement to freebooters whose sole object was plunder, and but very few even to traders, to undertake such a voyage, which, under the most favorable circumstances, must always have been attended with considerable risk and danger. Had the Vikings and their hardy followers been aware that beyond the regions of vines and forests which they had discovered there lay another abounding in gold and silver and costly commodities, we might, perhaps, at the present day have seen a Norman dynasty reigning in Mexico. A mere accident in that age might have led some enterprising adventurer a few degrees further south, and given rise to a series of events resulting in the final conquest of the tropical regions of America by the sea-faring Scandinavians. It is useless, however, to speculate on what might have happened, or on the influence which such an event might have exercised. The discovery of America by the Northmen produced no results, and it was reserved for Columbus and the navigators and adventurers of the sixteenth century to open a way for the development of this great continent.

SEA-SIDE RESORTS—LONG BEACH.

New York already surpasses every other city in the world in the number, beauty, and accessibility of its sea-side resorts; and although every year beholds some addition to these attractions, the old places do not appear to suffer by the opening of new ones. It was once feared that Newport might be injured by the growing popularity of Long Branch, then that the improvements on Coney Island might detract from Long Branch and Rockaway. But none of these things happened. The hotels at all these places, as well as at the pretty little village of Woodsburg, on the Rockaway Branch Railroad, have suffered no diminution in the number of guests. In fact, the more these places of summer resort are multiplied, the more people are inclined to take advantage of them. This is especially the case with business men, who can reach these places early after business hours in the evening, and return to the city by swift early trains in the morning.

The Long Beach Hotel, with its cottages, bathing pavilion, and other buildings, of which we give illustrations on page 516, is one of the latest as well as one of the most attractive of these additions. By referring to a map of Long Island the reader will see that Long Beach is one of the chain of narrow islands that skirt its southern coast, separated from the larger island by narrow slips of water, inlets, and bays. Until the summer of 1879 the singular adaptability of Long Beach for the purposes of a watering-place was unsuspected. It was inaccessible, except by small boats, being an island reached only by the tortuous channels of Hempstead Bay and the contiguous waters, and it was rarely visited by other than gunners, fishermen, and wreckers. During the latter part of the summer of 1879 it was visited with a view to determining its possible availability for improvement, and its extraordinary advantages were then, for the first time, appreciated.

Long Beach contains about 1800 acres, and its frontage on the Atlantic Ocean is nearly seven miles in a straight line of gently sloping beach of hard-packed sand, as smooth and even in its contour as a floor of asphalt, and equally agreeable for walking or driving. The only refuse that is ever found upon it is wreckage and the drift from the Gulf Stream, consisting of palmettoes, sugar-canes, cocoa-nuts, and the tropical débris brought north by that current from the Gulf of Mexico. No New York refuse or waste ever reaches Long Beach, which, in that respect, is absolutely clean and undefiled.

A number of enterprising capitalists, who saw great possibilities in this strip of sand, were incorporated under the title of "The Long Beach Improvement Company." The island was secured under a long lease (a hundred years or so, we believe); five miles of railway, connecting with the south branch of the Long Island Railway, were built; and on the 15th of last May work was commenced on the hotel and other buildings. In a little over three months the hotel was open for the reception of guests. The hotel is 900 feet long by 150 feet wide, and has more room for diners than is to be found at the Manhattan and Brighton put together. Architecturally the building is after the Queen Anne style, with low roof and projecting gables, running up with half-timberings and shingled spandrels. The roof, gables, and curtain walls are covered with California redwood shingles. The timbering and curtain walls are brought out in dark green and dead gold tones.

The whole of the first floor is of wood, with decorated posts supporting the girders of the second floor at regular longitudinal and transverse distances, and upon the lines of these posts abut the partitions that divide off the spaces. Thus, immediately at the centre of the building is the great refreshment-room, 175 by 80 feet, and on each side are two corridors, each 50 feet wide, running across the building from north to south; another corridor, 50 feet wide, runs along the centre, crossing these two, and communicating with the café on the east and the restaurant on the west; these two take up the entire respective ends of the building. Across the centre corridor, on the south, are the directors' and booking offices, and the ladies' retiring-rooms. From these corridors are reached the gentlemen's lavatories, cloak-rooms, ticket offices, a large billiard-room, a smaller wine café, several private dining-rooms, with varying capacities, for greater or less parties, and all the serving-rooms necessary to wait upon and serve 5000 people, all hungry, and clamoring to be waited upon at the same time.

Around the café and restaurant are porches 50 feet wide, and separated by folding glass partitions, so that they can be made as one at a moment's notice; and generally, wherever it is found convenient to do so, these folding glass partitions are used in preference to stationary walls. So it can be readily imagined what an effect of airiness and lightness is thus gained. Besides these accommodations on the first floor, there is a terrace 30 feet wide running around the south, east, and west sides, and being only three feet lower than the first-floor level, gives a magnificent promenade. In the basement are the working departments. In the centre, grouped around a great brick shaft 25 by 20 feet, and 90 feet high, are all the kitchens, laundries, and the offices calculated in any way to create either heat or odor. At the base of the shaft will stand the fans, driven by steam-power from the engine-room, to bring in the fresh air, and send the foul up the shaft at once.

The second floor is reached by flights of stairs 20 feet broad, and has a porch 20 to 25 feet wide, running, as on the first floor, entirely around it; only the building at this level narrows in by the width of the porch of the first floor. We have here on the second floor, in the east end, parlors, dining-rooms, and public rooms for the guests of the hotel, and in the west wing select parlors and sleeping-rooms. The third floor is the size of the second floor, less the porches, and contains sleeping-rooms, baths, and lavatories, and just over the centre of the main gable, and looking out to sea, are two or three snug little parlors, shielded by a loggia along the front, and forming pleasant reception quarters for those wishing to avoid the bustle below. The fourth floor is entirely a chamber floor.

There are two elevators in the building of the most commodious and approved pattern, and affording easy access to the different floors of the hotel for its guests. Directly in front of the hotel is a large music stand, built upon principles of unobstruction. It is a light, quiet, frame affair, ample for its purpose, but so arranged that, when the band plays, its outer sides, by the lowering of light sounding curtains, have all the elements necessary for reflecting the sound back upon the audience on the terrace and porches.

East of the hotel is a row of very pretty cottages, sixteen in number, rented to private parties by the season, and to the west are the bathing and picnic pavilions, railway station, etc. The bathing pavilion is large and commodiously arranged.

The whole property is controlled by the "Long Beach Improvement Company," of which Colonel Thomas R. Sharp is President, and Mr. W. M. Laffan Secretary, and no outside parties can obtain a foot-hold on the island. This insures protection against disagreeable accessories.

WORRY AND DISEASE.

As the mind makes the body it inhabits, using for that purpose the materials it collects from the outer world, so its influence over the tenements it constructs is potent in the extreme. Every emotion it experiences exerts a direct influence upon some one or more of its corporeal organs. Fear injuriously affects the heart and the skin; anger, the liver; sorrow and anxiety, the digestive organs and the alimentary canal; and passion, the blood-vessels; extreme depression will induce dysentery and scurvy; and Bichat, the great French anatomist, maintains that cancer of the stomach frequently owes its origin to powerful emotions. There is a duly authenticated case of a man aged twenty-seven, who for two years was exposed to perpetual worry and anxiety of mind, and from whom his hair fell off literally in masses, so that he became completely bald, his very eyebrows and eyelashes having disappeared. Medical treatment proved unavailing; but when his business troubles passed away, his hair came back again. An eminent physician says that he has "known the teeth to decay in an extraordinary manner in a few weeks, as the effect of powerful emotion, more allied to fear than any other." Another states that "a young man in Paris had a musket pointed at his breast; he became suddenly deeply jaundiced, for which he was taken to a hospital, and died." Sir Samuel Baker tells us that when he was at Obbo, in Central Africa, "any severe action of the mind, such as grief or anger, was almost certain to be succeeded by fever in that country." And it is a fact familiar, I suppose, to every medical man that numbers of infants lose their lives owing to the deplorable ignorance on the part of their mothers of the influence of mental emotion upon the secretion of milk.

The fear of small-pox, cholera, the yellow fever, or the plague, has repeatedly induced one of these maladies in persons oppressed with the apprehension of it. Even dropsy has been occasioned by terror. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that reported by a hospital physician at Narbonne, in France. A boy, aged eleven, a medical pupil, had lost his father, and imagined in a dream that he returned and embraced him, which gave the lad a great fright. Next morning his abdomen was found to be "distended like a balloon," and very painful and tender. "Medicines having failed to remove the effusion, the surgeon drew off ten pints of clear fluid, the cure being completed by local friction and diuretics."

I could quote scores of similar illustrations of the power of mental emotion to produce physical disorder or disease; but enough have been cited, perhaps, to sustain my position. But there is another side to the subject, viz., the curative power of the emotions, for this is just as remarkable as their morbid influences. Many persons will, no doubt, remember what Voltaire said about medical science, that "it is the art of amusing the patients, while nature performs the cure." But this is one of those half truths which pass current as whole truths, because they are wrapped up in an epigram, and are flavored with wit. The politic physician will do his best to amuse the mere *malade imaginaire*, and will throw in a few bread pills and harmless tinctures in deference to her—for such patients are usually women—in deference to her superstitious belief in the efficacy of physic; but the philosophical practitioner who has real invalids to deal with will do something more than amuse them, or than administer medicine. He will endeavor to restore their health of mind, to encourage hope, to inspire confidence, to dispel anxiety, to promote cheerfulness, to belittle the malady in the estimation of the sufferer, and to enlist on his side as medical and curative agents the mental faculties of his patients. And he will succeed in proportion as he does this. I have one such practitioner in my mind's eye at this moment—a friend of two-and-twenty years' standing, to whom the obligations of my family and myself for this rational and beneficial kind of treatment are such as can not be cancelled by a mere money payment; and I am sure that his professional experience has been full of signal illustrations of the power of the mind over the body in the psychopathic directions I have indicated. Many such illustrations are to be found in the medical books; and they serve to explain the astonishing cures which have often been effected by apparently the most preposterous remedies. So wise a man as Bacon believed in spells and amulets. Cato the Censor seriously recorded an incantation for setting dislocated bones; and numbers of persons are reported to have been healed of scorbutic affections by the imposition of royal hands, from the time of Edward the Confessor down to the days of Queen Anne. The grease of a roasted hedgehog was formerly regarded as efficacious for the removal of deafness. A pickled herring, applied to the soles of the feet, was said to banish ague. A mouse, skinned, dried in an oven, reduced to powder, and then mixed with ale, was prescribed as a remedy for the whooping-cough. "A wine of earth-worms, with a little scraped ivory and English saffron," was reputed to be a marvellous specific for the yellow jaundice; and a small bone taken from the knee-joint of the hind-leg of a hare was the nostrum recommended to persons suffering from cramp. At first we are astonished at making the discovery that people frequently benefited by the adoption of such extraordinary prescriptions; yet when we come to understand, however imperfectly, the power of the mind over the body, we cease to wonder at these phenomena, because they then admit of an easy explanation. Patients recovered their health, not because there was any efficacy in the often extravagantly ridiculous medicines prescribed, but because they implicitly believed in their salutary character. This worked the cure. As Dr. Tuke concisely puts it, "As in health certain mental states may induce disease, so in disease certain mental states may restore health." He himself has furnished two very striking verifications of the second part of his proposition. He says: "Every one has heard the story of the doctor who left his prescription on the table for a lady who suffered from pleurodynia, saying, 'Put this to your side'; and how the patient literally did so, instead of obtaining the prescribed plaster; but, in spite of this mistake, derived great benefit from the application. A parallel case of colic is mentioned by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. He ordered a laboring-man some medicine, and giving him the prescription, said, 'Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well.' As he returned at this time, hearty and well, free from the colic and sinking at the stomach of which he had complained, and with a clean tongue, a cool hand, and a happy face, Dr. Brown was very proud of the wonders his prescription had effected, and said, 'Let me see what I gave you.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I took it.' 'Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?' 'I swallowed it.' He had made pills of the paper, and his firm faith in the doctor's promise had done the rest."

With facts like these before us, and with the individual experience of each of us to appeal to for their partial corroboration, I do not think there can be much doubt remaining in the minds of the most skeptical as to the potent influence of mental emotion upon our bodily health, by exciting, modifying, or altogether suspending various organic functions. We have it on the authority of one of the first psychopaths of the day that "pleasurable emotions increase the amount of gastric juice secreted," the opposite effects being produced by depressing passions. Dr. Beaumont found in the man with the fistulous opening into the stomach "that anger or other severe mental emotions would sometimes cause its inner or mucous coat to become morbidly red, dry, and irritable, occasioning at the same time a temporary fit of indigestion." And I suppose it has been the misfortune of a good many of my readers to have eaten meals under the pressure of great trouble or anxiety, and to have felt how tasteless and innutritious they were under such circumstances, and how the organs of the stomach were altogether incapable of digesting and assimilating the food then presented to them. This, too, in a greater or less degree, is one of the injurious consequences of worry. It attacks the very foundation of health, and strikes at the root of our physical well-being.

THE WORKING-MAN IN PORTUGAL.

In the most civilized countries of tourist-haunted Europe, the beggar and the professional showman are prominent figures in the landscapes. In Italy the mendicants swarm in every gorge, replacing the banditti who have been hunted down by the *bersaglieri*. In Switzerland they beset you at each pass and *col*, whining at your heels as you enter the villages and leave them. Even in Germany, where "the begging is *am strengsten verboten*," they make silent appeals while the carriage changes horses, and limp nimbly along at the side by the fore-wheel, where they have you at an advantage when pulling up a steep. In the rural districts of Portugal there is no nuisance of the kind. There is an excellent system of voluntary relief. The country is decidedly underpopulated, and the peasants, for the most part, are well-to-do. In some provinces they are worse off than in others; but everywhere they are well fed and comfortably clothed; while in the more fertile and populous parts of the north they may be said to be relatively rich. It is not unusual to see a laborer's wife wearing golden ornaments on her person on Sunday of the value of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. And the good-man himself has his gay *festa* clothing, with buttons of silver on glossy velveteen, and rejoices in the dandyism of a spotless white shirt front, lighted up by a gold stud in the central frill. He works hard, to be sure: sometimes his toil, in the long days of midsummer, will extend to sixteen hours; but then, he lives uncommonly well. He can even afford to be something of an epicure, and he rejoices in a variety of diet that laborers might well envy. His bill of fare includes beef and bacon, dried cod-fish—which is the common delicacy of all classes—lard, bread, and rice, olives and olive-oil, with a luxurious profusion of succulent vegetables. He is allowed gourds and cabbages *à discrétion*, nor can anything be more suitable to a sultry climate. And, like the Frenchman, and his nearer neighbor the Spaniard, he is always something of a cook. Not that he has studied refinements of *cuisine*; but he can dress the simple ingredients of his banquets in a fashion that is inimitable so far as it goes. The belated wayfarer who is asked to sit down to the stew that has been slowly simmering in the pipkin over the embers—it is, in fact, the Spanish *olla podrida*—has, assuredly, no reason to complain. Then his wine, though it is "green" and potent, and heady, and only to be appreciated by one born to the use of it, is infinitely superior to the adulterated beer the Englishman buys at the village "public." As one traveller has remarked, "It is meat and drink to him; and while its strength recruits exhausted nature, its acidity is most grateful to the parched palate.

THE STREETS OF MOROCCO.

We turn out for the city. How shall we convey our impression? Long stretches of parallel crumbling walls, crooked and fissured from top to bottom, in which are various-sized holes for doors; long covered passages, whose sudden darkness blinds you; alleys two feet wide; entrance to yards; open spaces heaped up with rubbish, and littered with feathers, decaying flesh, and rags; a putrid dog; a fountain with crumbling mosaic; an Arabesque door; a rickety Moorish window, propped up near the wall-top; all mixed and tumbled together—confusion and decay. Now and then we jam against the wall, that a laden camel may pass. How camels pass camels in the six-foot streets of Morocco remains a mystery, unless, like Luther's goats on the narrow bridge, the more obliging lies down while the less obliging passes over.

We stare into shops which are mere holes in the walls leading into dismal dens. A broad bench runs in front of the opening; articles spread on this and suspended on strings tied across the interior make the shopman's show. The shoe customer sits down in the road to try on. Every trade has its street; the whole of them form a warren of blind and open alleys shaded by extemporized roofs of mats, skins, and branches of palm-trees. Our passage through them is more than usually difficult; we are Christian, and Christian means all evil. The very name is a scare and a bugbear. There are certain strange and terrible figures at every turn—men, old women, and big boys—who seem charged with the duty of representing this feeling, which they do most cordially by curse, fist, and face. Our guards clear the way with a stick, and we hurry on, and at length emerge into an open space used for a market. The effect is striking—indeed, charming; a square on a gala day—a menagerie! a gathering of nations! floating in the sunlight. Merchants obsequious, lithe, and majestic, in snow-white *caic* of wool, of silk, of muslin, falling in severe and graceful simplicity, with drawers of crimson damask, slippers of embroidered gold, and ample airy turbans—lounging exponents of barbaric splendor; simple householders with their white mantles floating in the wind; farmers from the provinces in strange and grotesque costumes; savage and turbulent warriors from the famous Rif, armed with long guns, whose red case is twisted round the head as a careless turban, with firm, fearful faces, rendered horrible by yellow devices; negroes with splendid naked limbs, betraying their owners' pride and care; saints, emaciated and naked as born, grasping a curious staff, preaching with wildest gesture, before whom even the savage warrior of the Rif uncovers and seems reverent; heaps of living rags asleep in the sun, propped against the wall and flattened on the ground; caravans of camels, herds of goats and oxen, troops of beautiful horses and gayly caparisoned mules. It is the cattle market. In the market-places the picturesque is triumphant: in the bright sunlight, dress of every tribe, rank, and color, surmounted by almost every hue of black, brown, brick, brass, and bronze colored faces, set in every shade from curly jet to flowing silver hair; in all the personal, tribal, and social caprice of costume; muleteers, camel-drivers, goat-herders, couriers, mendicants, anchorites, Moors, Arabs, Berbers, negroes, mulattoes, Jews. Morocco boasts a market for merchandise and for woven fabrics, one for dry-goods (sugar, tea, and spices), one for slaves and butchers; boot-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other trades have their separate streets, as we have said. Cattle are sold in spaces both within the city and outside its walls.

We are attracting attention, so turn into the nearest street through a gateway, and at the other end we pass out by still another gateway. At length it strikes us that every street in Morocco has its defense. The town has evidently to be defended against itself. Inquiry confirms our explanation. Stormy and factious, safety is secured by gates at each end of every street, short and long alike—not mere garden gates, but solid wood-work set in massive archways. At sunset the outer gates of the wall of the city are closed, and when danger threatens, all the street gates are closed too, and strongly guarded. The people of each street are thus made prisoners on the spot, with no chance of communicating with those of their neighboring street. By another labyrinth—along which we pass women who draw their veils more closely at the sight of us, and children who give us timid glances and then disappear—we reach the finest building of the city, the El-Koutoubia, or Mosque of the Bookseller. The mental effect is startling. Morocco's chief church dedicated to the bookseller! Where is enlightenment to match the Moors'? But there is another explanation. Perhaps the pious founder believed, as some one else is said to have done, that all other books were rendered superfluous by the one book, the Koran, and thus its principal church might be fairly known as the bookseller's substitute. Be this as it may, there are no booksellers in Morocco. The very name of the mosque must be satire. Little more can be said of the structure than that its tower is square, of stone, the same width to the top, which is two hundred and twenty feet from its base. It is divided into seven stories, and ascended by inclined planes, not stairs. The body of the spacious building is of brick, and, like everything else we see, in an advanced stage of decay. Our profane eyes may not look upon its sacred interior, so we are left to imagine the effect of "its marble pillars from Spain," and its "curiously wrought roof." Its basement contains a vast bath for religious ablutions. Like some other spacious churches nearer home, El-Koutoubia seems little used.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The iron horse has not yet penetrated the recesses of the Catskill Cloves, so it was that we seated ourselves in the old-fashioned stage, with rolled-up curtains to admit the views, and drawn by strong horses, for a ride through the Stony Clove. Our driver was a taciturn man, little disposed for conversation, so our eyes and our guide-book were our only means of information. Stony Clove well merits its appellation, for the principal product of the fields by the road-side for miles, as we rode, seemed to be stones, and even the little patches of corn which appeared here and there literally grew from a bed of stones.

Among the advertised attractions of one of the Catskill boarding-houses is this, that it is situated near a place where "ice is found in every month of the year." We proved the truth of this assertion, at least as regards a warm July day. A ride of a dozen miles brought us to the entrance of a mountain gorge, and the chill air which met us as we drove into the shaded inclosure caused an exclamation of surprise. Our driver vouchsafed a remark, "It's the ice lying all around under the rocks that makes it so cold here"; and seeing, perhaps, our incredulity, he verified his statement by jumping from the vehicle, scrambling among the rocks, and bringing back, with an air of triumph, a large cake of ice. A short mile brought us out of this ice-bound spot into the warm, sunny air again.

A number of eminent French painters, sculptors, and literary men have recently formed a society, with the object of founding an "artists' home" for elderly or impoverished authors, scientists, artists, etc., under the name of "Societas Artis et Amicitiæ."

In a museum in the city of Mexico there is a remarkable sword made from an aerolite that fell near there. A Mexican gentleman sent to General Ord, of the United States army, a small slab, or tablet, which was sawed out of the meteor. General Ord sent it on to the national armory at Springfield, to be worked up into a sword for General Trevino, of the Mexican army. The sword is a small, straight blade, the mounting representing an eagle with the olive branch and arrows. On the blade is an inscription in Spanish, which, translated into English, reads: "Made of iron that fell from the skies of Mexico. Presented to G. Trevino, General of Division, by his friend General Ord, U.S.A."

At the recent meeting of the New Jersey State Dental Society the use of anæsthetics was discussed, and, in view of the many fatal results attending the practice, it was urged that all dentists should discourage their use, except in necessary cases. Also, that every dentist should understand enough of medicine to decide himself upon the propriety of their administration, and not rely upon the statement of the patient.

It is reported that Mount Hood, the Oregon volcano, is exhibiting indications that its pent-up fires may burst forth. Recently a light is said to have burned all night from its summit so bright that the flames themselves could be distinctly seen as they shot out from the crater. Similar indications were noticed about a year ago, and the last emission of smoke previous to that time was fifteen years ago. Mount Hood, which is usually classed by geographers as a dormant or extinct volcano, is a peak of the Cascade range, on the northeastern border of Clackamas County, and is about 11,934 feet in height. On one of its sides it presents a nearly vertical precipice 7000 feet in height. The mountain is partly covered with forests of fir and pine.

During the alterations which are being made in the General Post-office in Paris, a singular discovery was made. In a panel near one of the boxes was found a letter which had been posted fifty years ago, and which by some mischance had got stuck in the panel instead of finding its way into the box. The letter was forwarded to the party to whom it was addressed, who, still more strangely, was alive, and who received it safely. The writer had been dead many years.

If ice-making machines can really accomplish all that is claimed for them, we may hope that in the course of time the venders of that luxury can be independent of the vagaries of the weather. An establishment at Newburgh, New York, is fully occupied in constructing machines which, it is claimed, make ice by the use of chemicals at the rate of twenty-five tons a day, at a cost of less than two dollars a ton.

The New York Etching Club, which embraces among its members many of the best artists of the country, will hold, it is said, a regular exhibition of their works during the coming winter.

The Jersey Belle, owned by a Mr. Ellms, of Scituate, Massachusetts, is claimed to be the best "butter cow" living. She is described as being a beautiful animal of a rich yellow fawn-color, diversified with white, weighing nine hundred and fifty pounds, and yielding over seven hundred pounds of butter in a year.

Another fearful steamboat disaster must be added to the long list of this season. On the night of July 22 a collision occurred between the excursion steamer *Garland* and the steam-yacht *Mamie*, on the Detroit River. The yacht was so completely cut into that she sank immediately, and sixteen out of the twenty-four on board were drowned. It was a bright moonlight night, and there seems to be no excuse for this terrible accident.

One of the most important book sales of modern times will shortly take place in London. It is the collection known as the Sunderland Library, formed by Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. This most valuable library consists of some 30,000 volumes, and is celebrated for its magnificent collection of first and early editions of rare books.

Amid the constantly recurring accidents which are caused by carelessness and negligence in these days of railroad and steamboat travel, it is pleasant to record any instance showing presence of mind and quick decision in face of danger. A New York train for Long Branch was almost entering upon the draw of the Newark Bay bridge recently, when the engineer saw that the draw was not locked. He stopped the train so quickly that several cars were thrown from the track, and one passenger was painfully bruised. The act of doing the right thing in an instant of time was the saving of many lives.

The estimated cost of the Afghanistan campaign has been increased by further investigation to at least $75,000,000.

The accumulation of coined silver in the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries of the United States is so great that it is difficult to find suitable storage-room for it. The vaults of the government now contain over seventy million dollars in silver coin, of which forty-five millions are in dollars, and the rest in smaller pieces. This amount of bullion takes up a great deal of room, and the bulk of it is in San Francisco and New York. Notice has been received from San Francisco that the overcrowded vaults will hold no more. Still the work of coining the money goes on at the rate of over two millions a month, though it is unpopular with the community as currency.

Lovers of that highly esteemed fish the Spanish mackerel will be pleased to learn of the effort being made to introduce this fish into the waters of Long Island Sound. Major T. B. Ferguson, attached to the United States Fish Commission, has been devoting his attention of late most particularly to the habits of the Spanish mackerel in Chesapeake Bay. It is from this source that the larger supply of this fish comes to this city. From experiments which have been made, the hope is entertained that the plan either to bring on the young fish or to hatch out the eggs in other waters will be successful.

Complaint is made in some of the English papers that the wild violets and primroses are absolutely disappearing, in consequence of their wanton destruction by those who sell flowers in the streets. London ladies delight in making little banks of verdure and fragrance in their drawing-rooms, and never give a thought as to how or whence the roots of wild flowers are taken. But it is an actual fact that some suburban districts have been absolutely stripped of every root of primrose and violet, and the country people mourn over the loss of the much-loved blossoms which were such a pleasure to them.

Is not this rather too much "red tape" for hot July days? The New York *World* states that the following conversation was heard in the Mercer Street Police Station between the driver of an offal cart, a police sergeant, and a patrolman:

Driver. "There is no dog at the corner of Broadway and Third Street, as you telegraphed."

Sergeant. "Yes, there is; and you go and take it right away."

Driver. "I tell you there's no dog. It's a goat."

Sergeant. "A goat, is it?"

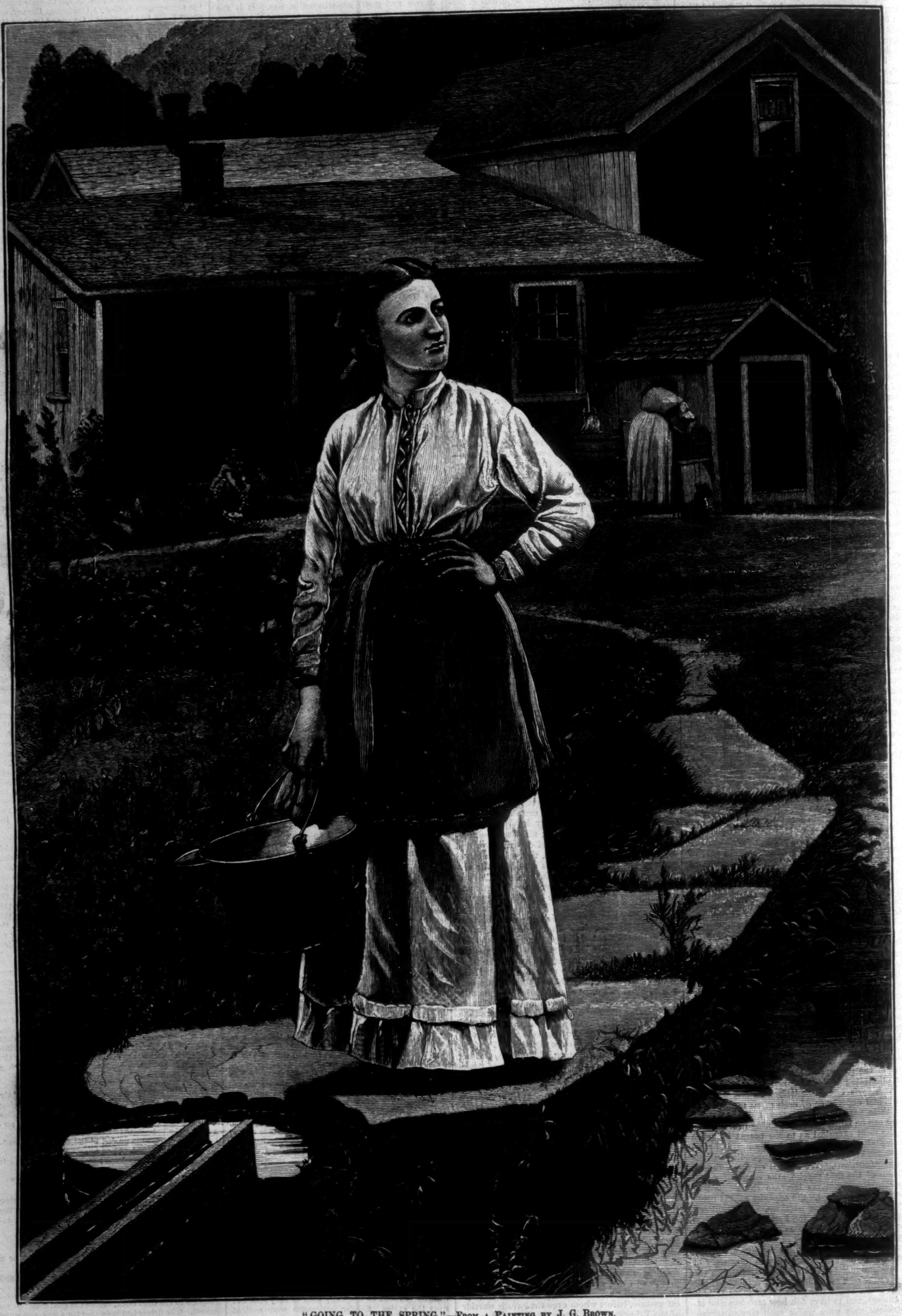
The doorman was sent for, and was directed to bring Officer Quinn, who had reported the dog. When the officer appeared, the sergeant asked, "Didn't you report a dead dog?"

Officer Quinn. "I did."

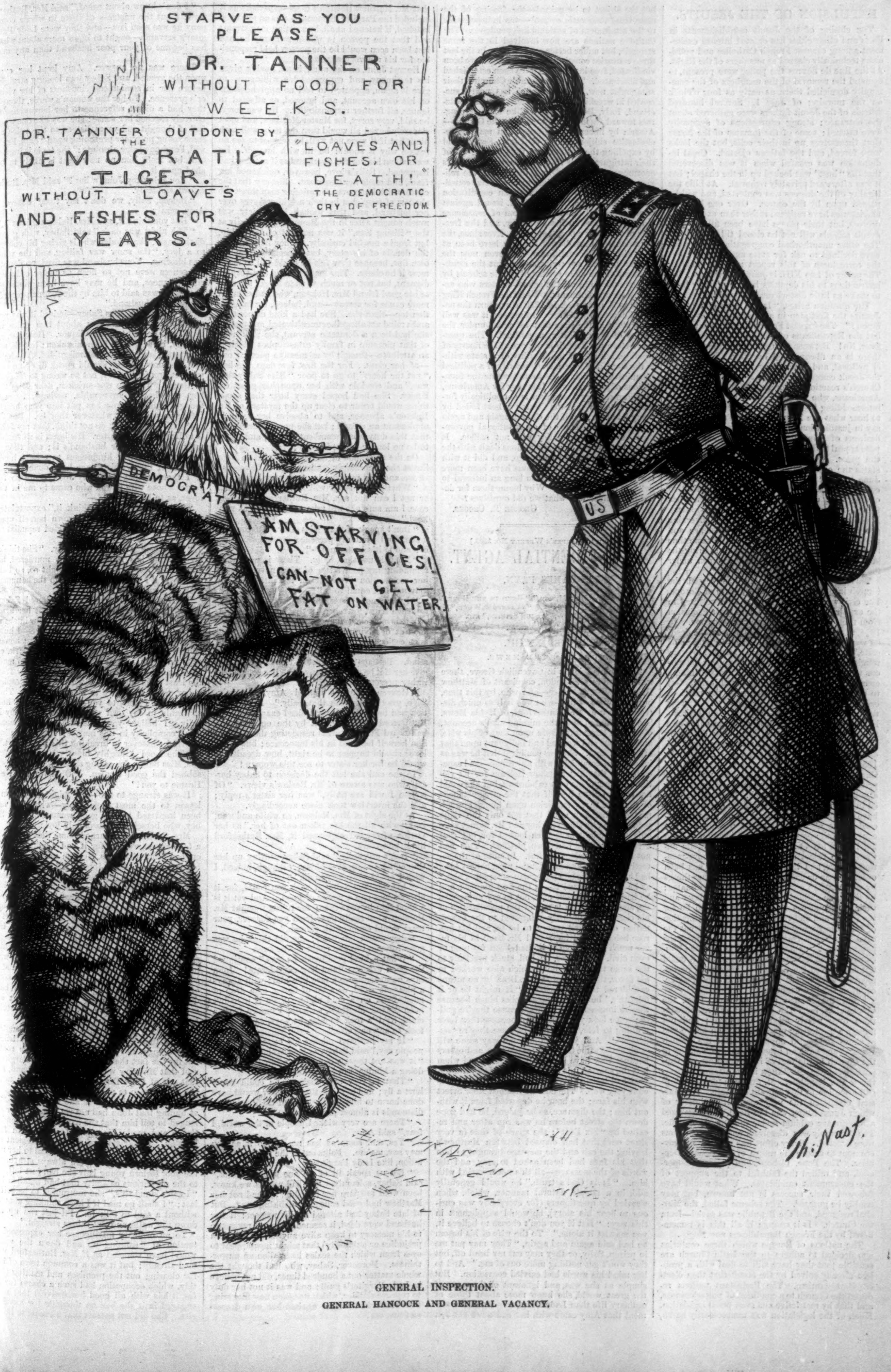
Sergeant. "This man says it's a goat."

Officer Quinn. "To tell the truth, it might be a goat. I didn't examine it very closely."

He was sent to examine the animal more closely, and when he returned he said it was a goat. A fresh report had to be sent to Police Head-quarters, and telegraphed to the offal dock, before the goat could be removed. The driver had been sent for a dog, and could not take away a goat without a specific order to remove a goat.



"GOING TO THE SPRING."—From a Painting by J. G. Brown.


STARVE AS YOU PLEASE
DR. TANNER
WITHOUT FOOD FOR
WEEKS.
DR. TANNER OUTDONE BY THE
DEMOCRATIC
TIGER.
WITHOUT LOAVES
AND FISHES FOR
YEARS.
"LOAVES AND FISHES, OR DEATH!"
THE DEMOCRATIC CRY OF FREEDOM
DEMOCRAT
I AM STARVING FOR OFFICES!
I CAN-NOT GET-FAT ON WATER.
US
Th: Nast.

GENERAL INSPECTION.

GENERAL HANCOCK AND GENERAL VACANCY.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

The closing of the Jesuit establishments in Paris and other cities has created intense excitement among earnest French Catholics and politicians technically classed as members of the Right. At the Rue de Sèvres the police were present, to demand the removal of the members of the community domiciled there, as early as four o'clock on the morning of July 1. Several hundred friends of the Jesuit fathers were gathered about the entrance; strong expressions of sympathy were uttered; some of the inmates of the house shut themselves up in their cells, but the locks were forced, and the fathers ejected. Great indignation was created when it was discovered that the "host" was locked up in the chapel; but it was afterward privately removed. At Lille the legality of the decrees was contested, and will be passed upon by the courts. Over one hundred magistrates have resigned rather than execute the decrees, but their places have been filled. The Jesuit schools will not be closed till August 31. The other unauthorized congregations, it is said, have declined to ask for state authorization, but the correctness of this report may be doubted. The policy of Leo XIII. is *quieta non movere;* his instructions to his deputies have uniformly been to make as little disturbance as possible.

The question arises, "Is the expulsion of the Jesuits the first step in a crusade against all religion?" The earnest French Catholics say, Yes! but the Republicans of the Left indignantly answer, No! Between the Church and the Republic there is an ill-concealed hostility. The Church is political, and reactionary in its politics; and the Jesuit company are the head and front of the Church's reactionary forces. It is but fair for us Americans, who do not believe in unreasonable intermeddling by the state with religious bodies, to hear what the Republicans of France have to say in justification of their measures. They are desirous of being understood, and for this purpose appeal to the English-speaking world through the press. One of them, M. Edmond Scherer, states the case in the *Contemporary Review* for June thus: "The Catholic Church can not be compared to anything else. It is an institution of a perfectly unique character. Catholicism has this distinctive feature—that it is theocratical. It claims the right of ruling rulers and governing governments. It recognizes the existence and the lawfulness of the state, but at the same time it alleges its own Divine commission to bring the laws and conduct of the earthly regimen under the control of ecclesiastical authority."

This fundamental principle has forced the Church into collision with every state of Europe. The civil war in Switzerland in 1847 resulted in the expulsion of the Jesuits, and their exclusion from the country by constitutional provision. In 1874, when the constitution was revised, the Jesuits were debarred from "all action in church or state," and this prohibition was extended to every religious order whose acts should appear dangerous to the public peace. Italy, in establishing a constitutional government, has found it necessary to dissolve the greater number of the religious orders, and to confiscate their property. And yet the late Victor Emanuel, in whose reign this revolution was effected, died professing himself to be a sincere Catholic. Austria, when after defeat by Prussia her political system was reorganized under Von Beust, pursued the same course. In 1855 a concordat had been entered into with the Church which placed all education, public and private, the press, books, and marriage, under the absolute control of the Church. Romanism showed in this treaty what it would do when it could have its own way. Under Von Beust the concordat was abrogated without waiting for the consent of the papacy. In his allocution of June 22, 1868, Pius IX. said: "By our apostolic authority we reject and condemn the above-mentioned laws, and in particular all that has been ordered done or enacted in these and other things by the Austrian government or its subordinates; by the same authority we declare these laws and their consequences to have been and to be for the future null and void." Before the unification of Italy the papacy did its utmost to prevent the establishment of free institutions throughout the peninsula. The author of the *Pope and the Council* says, "The Roman court declared that it could not suffer even the very mildest forms of parliamentary government in its neighborhood, on account of the bad example."

From the French point of view, then, the Church has been the opponent of free institutions over nearly all the Continent; and not merely a protesting opponent, but an active and at times successful opponent. But the French Republicans have an especial cause of hostility to the Church in the fact of its prompting and supporting Marshal McMahon in his attempt to overthrow the Republic. M. Scherer does well to call attention to this flagrant example. The Marshal dismissed the very moderate ministry of which Jules Simon was the head, and organized a reactionary cabinet under the Duc de Broglie. The Assembly was dissolved, and new elections were ordered. Every effort was used by the government to secure the return of reactionary Deputies. The Pope, bishops, and priests co-operated, and rallied the faithful to the support of the government candidates. What would have followed their success is not known, but may readily be guessed. The scheme failed, the Marshal resigned, and the Republic was saved—from the Church. Is it strange if all this is remembered by the French Republicans now?

The nations of Europe which three centuries ago decided to adhere to the Latin Church are sensible that they have still to deal with a problem already solved by the states that then elected Protestantism. The Protestant nations reduced the Church to a condition of powerlessness, and that by restrictive and even penal legislation. Much of the legislation was unnecessarily harsh, but the object to be gained—the freeing of the state from theocratic control—was indispensable to the attainment of national independence. The Catholic nations are now involved in the same struggle, but under better conditions. In the last three centuries constitutional principles have been vindicated, free institutions have been established and illustrated. The unchangeable Church is their antagonist now, and in France has nearly succeeded in wrecking the Republic. Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, have alike in their progress toward freedom had to subdue the Church—Austria by liberating the press, and making ecclesiastics subject to the civil law; Switzerland by expelling the Jesuits, and thus getting rid of their intrigues; Italy by confiscating the Church's enormous possessions, and dispersing the religious communities; Belgium by her liberal constitution of 1832. When the Belgian constitution was adopted, Pope Gregory XVI. issued against it an encyclical in which freedom of conscience is declared to be an insane frenzy, and the freedom of the press a pestilent error. Ever since, the ultramontane Catholics of Belgium have been at war with their constitution, and even now the Belgian bishops are trying to prevent the establishment of the state system of public schools by excommunicating all the school-masters who accept state appointments. When the French King Charles X. undertook in 1830 to overturn the national charter by his own ordinances, it was well understood at the time that he acted under the advice of his confessor, a cardinal. The question before the French is not one of the liberty of worship, but one of the hostility of a state within the state, of the pernicious activity of a political organization which seeks to undermine the foundations of government. It is easy for Americans, in whose country Romanism is not politically formidable, to say that the Church is best foiled by being let alone; but if the Church again and again imperils the existence of constitutional government, the let-alone policy will not suffice. It comes to this: the Teutonic nations dealt with the Church three hundred years ago, and did it with an iron hand; the Latin nations have been more tardy, and are trying after so long an interval to get free of clericalism. Why blame them for doing in a milder way what we did ourselves?

George R. Crooks.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TROUBLE IN THE MEWS.

Next to his friends in Cavendish Grove, there was no one in all London, cognizant of Matthew Helston's disappearance—and who, by this time, but was aware of it?—who was half so much distressed by it as Mrs. Rutherford, of Hybla Mews. She was grieved upon the missing man's account, distressed beyond measure upon that of his wife, and anxious and worried and indignant upon that of her husband. She was confident that he was as innocent of complicity with any crime—and especially one that had Matthew Helston for its victim—as one of his own cab-horses, but she could not conceal from herself that the circumstances of the case threw suspicion upon him. She admitted in her own mind that not only the visits paid to them by Miss Thurlow and Mr. Signet were only what might have been looked for, but that even of Mr. Brail had been justified. This had not been her husband's view. In spite of the detective's earnest and confidential tone, honest John had known him to be a policeman—"spotted him," as he had expressed it—at the first glance; and he had shown himself curt, not to say antagonistic, accordingly. It is one of the peculiarities of his class, when unjustly submitted to the examination of the civil power, to be so, and his morose behavior had impressed Mr. Brail in his favor much more than if he had been fawning or even civil. Moreover, he had stuck precisely to the same tale throughout, which also worked in his favor, though cautious Mr. Brail by no means considered this conclusive. "It might be or it mightn't," he said. "Some folks blush because they're innocent, and others because they're guilty; some look you in the face because they have nothing to fear, and others because they're 'oudacious.' And just in the same way some will stick to the same tale because it's true, and others because they have learned it by heart; and when it is the shorter, it is the better." If John Rutherford had learned his story by heart, he had learned it very well. The hour he reached Moor Street with his fare; the hour he departed from it without him; the distance, as he judged, he had gone down the street before he was run after and recalled by "Six Foot"; the space of time (a very short one) that had elapsed between Matthew's leaving the cab and the message brought to him that his fare had been asked to stay, and the words of the message—all this never varied with him. "It is God's truth," he would generally add, in a simple, natural manner, which, when wearied by questioners (for everybody was curious to hear his story), he would supplement in this way: "But if you don't choose to believe it, you may let it alone." To the wife of his bosom he had said again and again, "They may put me in prison, Sally, or they may cut my head off, but they won't get nothing more out of me." And to her mind his words had carried conviction. But simple as she was, and ignorant of the ways of the great world, she knew more about those of ordinary life than Lady Pargiter. From the moment that Amy came with her sad news she felt that Mr. Matthew Helston's case—especially as it included the Pargiter diamonds—was an egg to be hatched, if hatched at all, by a sitting magistrate; and that the person in whose company he had last been seen would be the person held responsible for his recovery.

Honest John, on the other hand, having given his testimony, and expressed his willingness to give it again, appeared to feel no apprehensions on his own account, and ignored, or affected to ignore, all further responsibility. He was sorry, he said, very sorry, for Master Matthew, and most sincerely hoped all would turn out to be well with him; but if it were not well, he seemed to see no reason why it should be ill with himself. He went about his work as usual, and as if nothing had happened. Sally's love, however, quickened her fears, and made her observant. She saw that the cloud which hung over the missing man threw the shadow of suspicion in their neighbors' eyes over her husband, and that though his society was much sought after in the Mews, and especially at the "Rising Sun," it was not out of friendship, but from a morbid curiosity. They liked to hear the details of his story, but especially from his own lips, because they felt he could tell so much more if he chose. This made her sad and very indignant, but not so much so as to forget the case of her good friend Mrs. Helston, who had so much more cause for sorrow—and, indeed, for indignation too—than she. She had a kind disposition, and a mind not altogether uncultivated, and though she had been a domestic servant, she took none of that pleasure in family catastrophes which is an attribute—though by no means a peculiar one—of her class. For the first few days she had "not the heart" to go to poor "Miss Sabey that was," and condole with her upon her great calamity. She had hoped every hour that something would occur to clear up the mystery of Mr. Helston's absence, and to absolve her from so unpleasant an errand; but she now began to feel that this duty was incumbent on her, and ought to be no longer delayed.

On the afternoon of Mr. Signet's visit to Moor Street she accordingly walked over to Cavendish Grove, and was received by Amy very kindly.

"Whether my sister will feel able to see you or not I can not say, Mrs. Rutherford. In any case, I am sure she will take your coming as very kind."

"Don't speak of that, Miss Amy. Of course I understand what my presence must remind her of; and if it's better not—"

"No, it is not that, Sally. There is no fear of reminding my poor sister of what never escapes her recollection even for an instant. But she may not feel equal to it."

"I would not overtask her strength for worlds," returned Sally, gravely; "if that is your real reason, it is sufficient for me. But you was never good at deceiving folks, Miss Amy. You could allus easier say 'No,' however it grieved you, and I do think you have some other objection in your mind. Perhaps Mrs. Helston thinks—God forgive her if it be so!—that my John has some hand in her present calamity?"

"Heaven forbid!" replied Amy, earnestly. "No, pray don't think that, Sally." Her hesitation had been caused, not indeed exactly as Mrs. Rutherford suggested, but by the opinions she had heard Frank express respecting the cabman. She herself believed in his innocence; but if her lover should happen to be right, how dreadful it would be for her sister to see this woman!

In the end she left the decision to Sabey herself, who was aware of Mr. Barlow's views. "Of course I will see Sally," was her sister's reply; and the interview took place accordingly.

At the sight of Mrs. Helston, so white and wan, and "with all the life taken out of her," as her visitor afterward expressed it, Mrs. Rutherford burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Sally," said Sabey, putting up her thin cheek to the other's kiss; "though, indeed, I wish I could weep as you do."

"Indeed, Miss Sabey, I wish you could, for it always does one a power of good. And yet it is a good sign in your case; for if you thought Mr. Helston were really gone from you forever, your tears would come quick enough."

Sabey shook her head: she did think he was gone forever, but she could not be sure.

"What a kind gentleman he was," continued the good woman; "and how considerate! John says he never drove a fare like him: with always a pleasant word, or a bit of bacca, or a drop of good drink on a cold night. Even if it hadn't been Master Matthew, as he had known from a child, he'd 'a took to him, he says, as he never took to any one else."

"If my husband missed his opportunities as people say," said Sabey, as if speaking to herself, "it was not those which were offered to him of doing a kindness to his fellow-creatures."

"That is very true, ma'am: he could never hurt a fly; and to think that anybody would have done harm to him for the sake of them rubbishy diamonds is almost past belief."

"There are very wicked people in the world, I fear," said Amy.

"Yes, and some as has no call to it, as you may say, ma'am. Folks out of the reach of temptation, like Lady Pargiter."

"Let us speak ill of no one without proof," said Sabey, solemnly. She had not, as we know, been wont to spare her ladyship, for had not her Matthew had good cause for disliking her? But of late Sabey had altered in this respect: if her husband were dead, it seemed a want of reverence to his memory to keep alive anything (such as a prejudice or animosity) that might now appear to eyes from which the scales had fallen an unworthiness. Moreover, Sabey, who had thought the whole matter out a hundred times, did not believe in Lady Pargiter's guilt; and was it not her duty to reprove slander, which was even now flickering with its forked tongue against her own dearest and nearest?

"I don't know about proof," said Mrs. Rutherford; "but the mistress of them in whose company he was seen last—and they were Lady Pargiter's servants—ought to know more about what has become of your poor husband than any one else."

There was no answer. Amy kept her eyes upon the ground, and Sabey was looking straight before her in semi-unconsciousness of her visitor's presence. To her the woman's words, though they had a direct reference to her bereavement, scarcely reached her sense: she was like one who, full of thought and years, listens to the voice of some young pulpiteer preaching upon "Fate, Free-will, Foreknowledge absolute;" the topic is important, but from him no new light is likely to be shed upon it.

"You think my John a liar?" said Mrs. Rutherford, suddenly.

"Indeed, Sally, we don't say that," observed Amy, gently.

"But you think it, and Mrs. Helston thinks it."

"The night was dark," said Sabey, with grave distinctness, like a judge who is giving his charge to a jury, "the snow was falling, and the wind was blowing. Your husband was tired, no doubt; his senses were not so keen as under ordinary circumstances, and he may have been mistaken as to what was said to him by the footman regarding my dear husband."

"It was not so, Miss Sabey—indeed it was not so. John had his senses about him quite as usual, and he had taken no liquor. However, as you say, he may have been mistaken; but oh, my dear young ladies, he was not misguided. You have said just now that we should speak ill of no one without proof; but is it not as wrong to *think* ill of them? You are woe-stricken, dear Miss Sabey, and hardly answerable, perhaps, for the thoughts which sorrow has put into your heart: I forgive you them whatever they be. But do not think—I pray you do not think, that my John is to blame in this matter. His heart is as sound, ma'am, as your poor husband's is; and though he has done fewer kindnesses to others, he is mindful of those which have been done to him. If I thought that John, my John, could so far forget whose wife it was who came to me in the fever, as to lift his hand—"

"Sally, Sally, we don't think it," expostulated Amy, for the woman had thrown herself upon her knees in a passion of mingled repudiation and appeal.

"You do—*she* does!" cried Sally. "She thinks my husband has robbed, perhaps murdered, his friend and benefactor. If I thought so, so help me Heaven, I would give him up to the hangman with my own hands!"

"Sally—Sally—forgive me," faltered Sabey, rising from her chair and holding out her arms for her embrace. "If I have done your husband wrong in thought—and perhaps I have—I humbly ask your pardon. The best, the most honest of us (I know it), do not, where all is dark, escape suspicion. I know, as well as He who made him, that my Matthew is as pure as snow from the least stain upon his honor. I loath, despise, abhor, those who dare to hint otherwise. Then why should I deny to you the faith that I hold so firmly in my own case? I do not deny it, Sally. I believe your husband to be innocent of all complicity in this matter; that he has had no hand whatever in breaking this poor heart."

"The Lord Almighty bless you and comfort you, Miss Sabey, for saying those blessed words!" sobbed the good woman. "Oh, how glad I am I came to you!"

It was strange to see—and might have been a lesson to the most melancholy—what joy had been imparted to this good woman by poor Sabey, who herself was absolutely joyless.

Mrs. Rutherford returned home that afternoon a far happier woman, for it had weighed heavily on her mind that Mrs. Helston might entertain bitter thoughts of her John. All she had said in his defense to her had been genuine and honest. Only, in order to introduce the subject, she had spoken out more plainly against Lady Pargiter—and had been very properly reproved for it—than she had been justified in doing; for in her heart of hearts she did not believe that her ladyship had any hand in the matter. Her husband thought otherwise, it was true, and his evidence, in which she believed in every particular, tended that way, no doubt; but she herself felt that there must be some mistake. Her ladyship's servants—some of those good-for-nothing "Six Feet"—might have done the mischief among themselves; but she could not believe that Lady Pargiter had stolen her own diamonds.

That other persons, such as Captain Langton, had had their eye upon them, she was satisfied; and on them her suspicions would have rested but for the fact that it was under Lady Pargiter's roof that Matthew was left by her husband, and that out of Lady Pargiter's doors he had never since been seen to pass.

On her arrival at home she was disappointed at finding that John had not yet returned, for she longed to tell him that she had been to Cavendish Grove, and made his peace for him with Mrs. Helston. In her state of mental excitement she found she could not sit down as usual to her needle-work; her thoughts were always straying to the poor forlorn young lady she had just left, and to the mysterious calamity that had befallen her. "I can't stand this," she murmured to herself at last; "I shall go mad if I keep thinking about it, without a soul to talk to. I'll just run up and down the walls, and put things straight."

To an ordinary intelligence her expressed intention of "running up and down the walls" would have sounded as if Mrs. Rutherford were mad already; but it was a common term of hers for clearing out the premises and making them tidy, which occupation had such a charm for her (as it has with all good housewives) that when engaged in it she had no thoughts for anything else. She did not possess that blessing to housemaids a Turk's-head broom, nor even a pair of steps, but mounting on a chair she began to use a handbrush in a very workman-like style. The room was low, so that even the ceiling was within reach of her ministrations, and very soon not a cobweb nor a speck of dust was to be seen. She was just giving a finishing touch to the top of their common wardrobe, which was, however, out of sight, when her brush knocked against some metallic substance. "Lawk a mercy! why, what's that?" cried Sally. She put up her hand with no little curiosity, and from the receptacle in question, where it had evidently been placed for the purpose of concealment, she brought out a large pistol. Amazement and alarm were at first her only feelings: she had a belief in the danger of fire-arms, which, unhappily, is not always found co-existent with an ignorance of their use, and she laid the weapon upon the table, taking care to point the muzzle away from her, as though it had been a self-acting infernal machine. When it showed no signs of going off, her personal apprehensions subsided, but only to be replaced by fears of another kind. How on earth had her husband come to be possessed of such an instrument? What did a cabman want with a pistol? Even if she had known it was a horse-pistol, it would have been no answer to such a question; as it was, there was not a trace of association between them. It had felt so heavy that she was convinced that it was loaded; but, loaded or not, what business had her John to own it? That it was his she had no doubt; for she had known him use the top of the wardrobe before for purposes, as he flattered himself, of concealment, being under the impression that her brush did not invade that dust-covered but elevated region. Now with pistols Sally was always accustomed to associate crimes of violence: and had not such a crime been in all probability committed upon Mr. Matthew Helston? The inference was only too obvious. She did not even now think her husband guilty of an offense so heinous, but she did not feel that certainty of his innocence which she had entertained five minutes ago. Suppose the police had been sent by Mr. Brail or Mr. Signet to search the room? If she had not found the pistol, most certainly they would have done so, and drawn the worst deduction from it. The very idea of such a thing made her stout limbs quake with fear. Her first thought was how to get rid of it, or, at all events, to place it in some more secret spot. She thought for a moment of putting it into the fire, but, fortunately for her nerves, gave up that plan: she reflected that iron did not melt. Then another element suggested itself, which would hide the thing equally well, and also have the advantage of quenching its powers for ill. With infinite caution she lifted the pistol, as she afterward described it, "by the ears"—it was fortunately at half-cock, or the hammers might have resented this treatment—and, stepping into the veranda, dropped it gently into the water-butt below.

Then she awaited the return of her husband, with anxiety, indeed, and misgivings, but with somewhat less of immediate alarm. The good news she had had to give him had vanished: it was no longer in her mind; and what sort of news, she wondered, would John, under compulsion, have to give her? That he had concealed something from her, besides the pistol, was certain: the only question now was, How much? or How bad?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN CHINA.

AN old writer tells us that China is a country "where the roses have no scent, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath-day of rest, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads have no carriages, and the ships have no keels; where the needle points to the south, the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is supposed to lie in the stomach; where it is rude to take off your hat, and to wear white clothes is to go into mourning;" and he asks whether in such a country one can be astonished to find "a literature without an alphabet," and "a language without a grammar." Now this description, though not exactly accurate, is not altogether wide of the mark, and, indeed, a much longer list of Chinese contrarieties might be made out: such as, that they mount a horse on the right side instead of the left; that old men play marbles and fly kites, while children look gravely on; that they shake hands with themselves instead of with each other; that what we call the surname is written first, and the other name afterward; that they whiten their shoes instead of blacking them; that a coffin is a very acceptable present to a rich parent in good health; that in the north they sail and pull their wheelbarrows in place of merely pushing them; and that all Chinese candlesticks fit into the candle instead of the candle fitting into the candlestick, and so on. Finally, it is no uncommon matter for a man to court two or more young ladies at once, and, what is more, marry them.

The present royal family of China embraces the trifling number of some forty thousand souls. Of course this is easily accounted for, if it be recollected that most Chinese emperors have wives by the score, and consequently the number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and cousins ever so many times removed, owned by each emperor, make up a rather startling figure. But of course nobody could be expected to love forty thousand cousins; so by Chinese law (or custom) all claim on the emperor's attention closes somewhere about the existing generation of first cousins. Still, as the odd thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty are undoubtedly of royal blood, a large proportion of them receive about a dollar a month from the public treasury, and if within a certain degree of relationship, are entitled to wear a yellow girdle. This, however, does not in the least interfere with their honestly earning their bread, and the mess cooly in the British Legation at Pekin in 1863 was a yellow-girdled "cousin," entitled, moreover, to wear I don't know what button on the top of his very dilapidated old hat. All members of this imperial clan, however, if they get very little in the way of pension, have one great advantage—they can not be tried before an ordinary court. A special tribunal exists to try them, and it was stated in a tolerably recent Pekin *Gazette* that its members got a terrible wigging for letting off some of the emperor's relations for some offense they had committed. So much for royal cousins in China. But the ladies of the palace afford the most curious paradox to foreigners, who forget that the Chinese are not the only people who make a great distinction between profession and practice. An ordinary Chinaman, in China proper, will tell you that women are decidedly inferior beings; and as to their having souls, pooh-poohs the idea outright. But if you remark that the whole government of the country has for the last eighteen years (with a short interval) been carried on by two ladies—the emperor's mother and the empress dowager, two of the cleverest women now alive in China or any other country—he calmly remarks that perhaps they are different from other folk; and he will not at all admit that the average Chinawoman can possibly possess brains or sense. It is of no use pointing out to him that Chinese history abounds with heroines, and that cases of female pluck, ability, and virtue are constantly recorded in imperial documents even at the present day. He incontinently changes the subject.

LOST IN THE CATACOMBS.

ONE very bright spring morning I set out with a party of friends to visit the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. In Rome, as in most other places, one has a choice of evils, and at the same time a choice of catacombs. It is not to be inferred that catacombs are, as a matter of necessity, an evil; but the Catacombs of St. Calixtus assuredly were very evil—to me. In this wise. We had in our party a nice young lady, with a passionate partiality for souvenirs. Her name was not Smith; nevertheless, she would have cheerfully knocked the nose off the Apollo Belvedere, and carried it away as a relic. Her trunks were gradually becoming weightier at each stage of our journey. At first it used to perplex me—the unpaid courier of the party—to find this young person's luggage weighing more at Florence than it did at Genoa, more at Siena than it did at Florence, more at Rome than it did at Siena. It was always the same luggage; the number of pieces was unaltered. The young person was not in the habit of making purchases; but the weight of her luggage constantly increased. At the Colosseum one day I discovered the reason. I missed the young person for a quarter of an hour. When she rejoined us she was flushed, and she had a bundle under her shawl. That bundle proved to be a lump of marble about a quarter of a stone in weight, fragment possibly of some Greek statue of the days of Nero. Now we knew why mademoiselle's luggage was always getting weightier. Her trunks were packed with huge pieces of marble, and serpentina, and rosso antico, and travertine, collected here and there, and carefully labelled, "From the Colosseum, Verona," "From the Campo Santo, Pisa," "From the Duomo, Siena," and so on.

It was an inoffensive mania, so we laughed at her a little, and then agreed to assist her, in moderation, in making complete her collection of relics. In compliance with her request, I undertook to procure a morsel of marble from the catacombs during our coming visit of inspection. I kept my promise, but it cost me dear.

When we reached the opening which led down to the catacombs we were mustered in order by a conductor, who gave to each of us a small twist of wax light. The man then ran his eye over the party, which was rather a large one, and bidding us to follow him closely, descended into the bowels of the earth. In a very few minutes we were following our conductor in a long single file through the narrow grave-like corridors cut out in the earth, each of us holding up the little bit of wax-light taper which the guide had given us, the length of which was no doubt economically proportioned by him to the duration of time necessary for our exploration. It was, of course, as dark as the grave, and our little tapers collectively were just sufficient to light our footsteps, and no more.

The usual sights were being shown to us in due order—Christian emblems sculptured on memorial stones, legible remains of Latin inscriptions recording the glories of long-forgotten Romans, and so on—when I recollected my promise, and began to look about for a suitable bit of marble for a souvenir. I was the last of the file, and as we turned and twisted through the narrow corridors, lined with empty graves cut in the earthy walls, I kept my eyes open, and used all the light there was in making search. At last I saw a bit of broken white marble in one of the graves, which I thought would suit the purpose, and stretching forward, and thrusting my little taper as far in as my arm would reach, I began to loosen the coveted relic. It adhered much more firmly to the clay than I had expected; and to get it out at all I was compelled to stick my taper in the wall, and use both hands. I then got the fragment out, and rubbing off the clay, saw that it was portable, and such a specimen as would probably please our young lady collector. I took up my taper, and then I made the tremendous discovery that my party were entirely out of sight, that I was utterly alone in that horrible place, with about an inch of wax light unconsumed, and that I was lost in the catacombs.

My first and most natural impulse was to issue a shout at the very top of my voice. Then the full terror of my situation broke in on me, for I found that the sound did not apparently travel three yards. It came back on me dull, close, and deadened. I am sufficiently courageous to confess that my first sensation, on realizing what had happened, was one of mortal fright. A cold and then a hot perspiration broke out all over my body; and for one moment—and a dreadful moment it was—I felt my senses failing, and a feeling as of fainting coming over me. By a violent mental and moral effort I shook off this physical weakness, and well perhaps was it that I did so, for had I fainted I might have rued it. But at once a reaction set in, more quickly than I could describe, and I found myself coolly and quietly calculating my chances. The wax light would burn, I reckoned, about ten minutes, and during that time I might find either the way out, or a path which would lead from the narrow galleries into one of the more open subterranean spaces, such as we had already visited. In one of these it would be less dreadful to be left in darkness than in the corridor where I then stood, which was not above two feet in width and six to seven in height, and was in fact terribly like a grave in every way. I tried a few more shouts, but perceived that I was only wasting time and strength; so I proceeded at once in search of anything that seemed like a beaten track. In less than a minute I found by the roughness of the ground beneath my feet that I was palpably off any of the usual paths; and turning back, and trying to retrace my steps, I again must have taken a wrong turning, for I was soon involved in a labyrinth of narrow low-roofed passages. For five miserable minutes I groped my way with sinking heart through this maze of close earthy-smelling burrows, carefully guarding my little light, which was fast burning down. The farther I went, the worse and the more hopeless did I feel. I turned to the right, then to the left, and again to the right, as any opening seemed encouraging, and by good fortune I at last happened, after a dozen turnings and twistings, to come upon a path which felt smooth under my feet. Stooping down, I examined it, and found it trodden as if by frequent passage; so I concluded that I had by chance stumbled on one of the tracks followed by the guides, and that it would be wiser to remain on it until the search for their missing member, which my party would surely institute when they emerged at the other opening of the catacombs, would be made. So I sat down, with as much fortitude as I could, and watched my now fast-failing wax light. I do not know the commercial value of a wax taper, but I do know that I would have given at that moment a very considerable sum for one warranted to burn for six hours. As a kind of relief to my feelings I again tried my lungs in their fullest power. For several times there was no result, but at last I thought I perceived a kind of dull, distant echo. With an extraordinary access of animation, I shouted like a stentor, and to my inexpressible relief heard a distinct reply, though I could not tell from what quarter it came. A moment after, however, I saw a faint flicker of light at the end of the passage in which I sat; and before I could realize that my troubles were over, up came a guide with a taper, and a voluble explosion of joy and triumph at having been so fortunate as to find "his Excellency." His Excellency lost no time in making his way out to the upper air, after an experience which will assuredly cure him for the rest of his natural existence of any desire to explore catacombs. But he brought away the bit of memorial marble, and he only hopes the young person values it in some proportion to the terror and trouble which it cost.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I DESIRE," said the husband to the wife, as they were walking along the shore, "that when I die I may be buried in a plain, stained pine coffin, without expensive trimmings." "But, my dear," said she, "how much more respectable and fashionable it would be to have black walnut and silver." "Possibly," he said, "but I was thinking of that for you."

A wag, in what he knows of farming, gives this plan to remove widows' weeds: A good-looking man said to a widow, "Wilt thou?" and they wilted.

Indignation will fill the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-yard the other day because they were suspected of a design on wood.

VERY NATURAL.—A gentleman in quest of a house addressed himself to the owner: "I see that you have advertised a small house to let." "Yes, sir." "Is it large?"

The young man who was referred to pa when he popped the question, stated that he visited the convention as an instructed delegate.

The first river you come to in Scotland they will tell you is the Forth.

CONDUCTOR (*declining a tract which was offered him with his fare*). "Very much obliged, mum, but we ain't allowed to take any perquisites whatever, mum."

She was a Boston lady of culture. She stood watching a canal-boat loaded with ice, as it was being locked into the canal from Lake Champlain. "What is that boat loaded with?" she asked. "Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, in surprise, "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat!"

A new brand of cigars is called "The New York Girl." They have imported wrappers.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not cold."

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

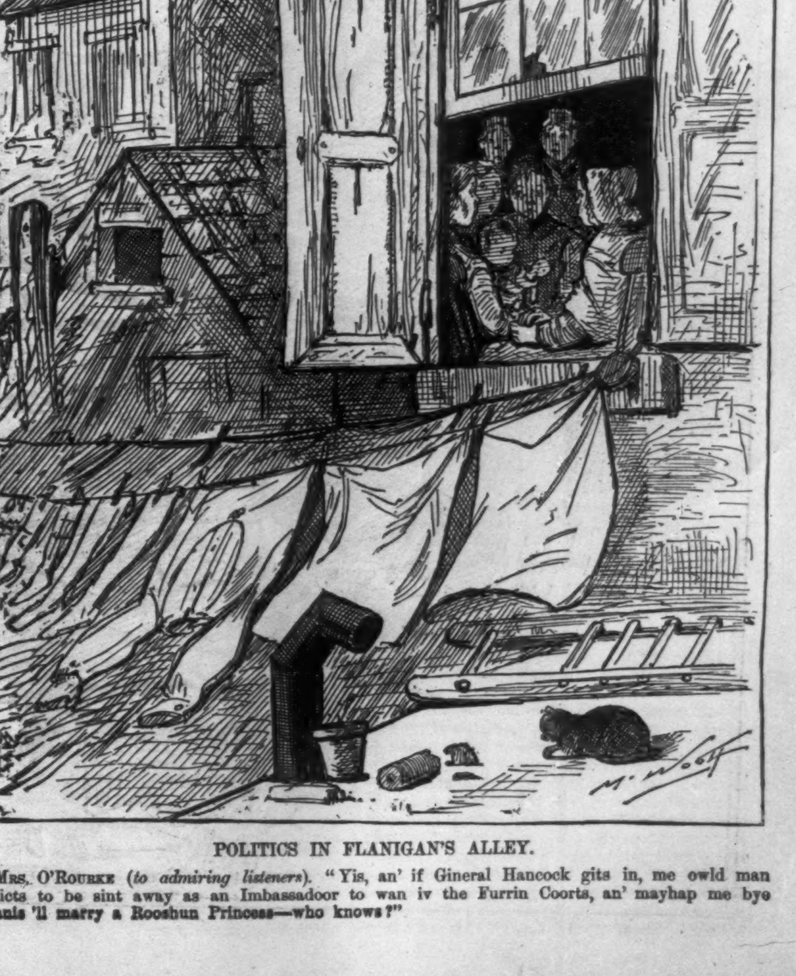
A facetious census enumerator calls his book of names a new edition of the *Conflict of Ages.*

"Do you think I'm a fool?" asked a violent fellow of a doctor. "Really," replied the doctor, "I would not have made the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

"You were not at poor Maurice's funeral?" "No, I was not there." "You did not treat him well." "Bah! he will not come to mine, so we are quits."

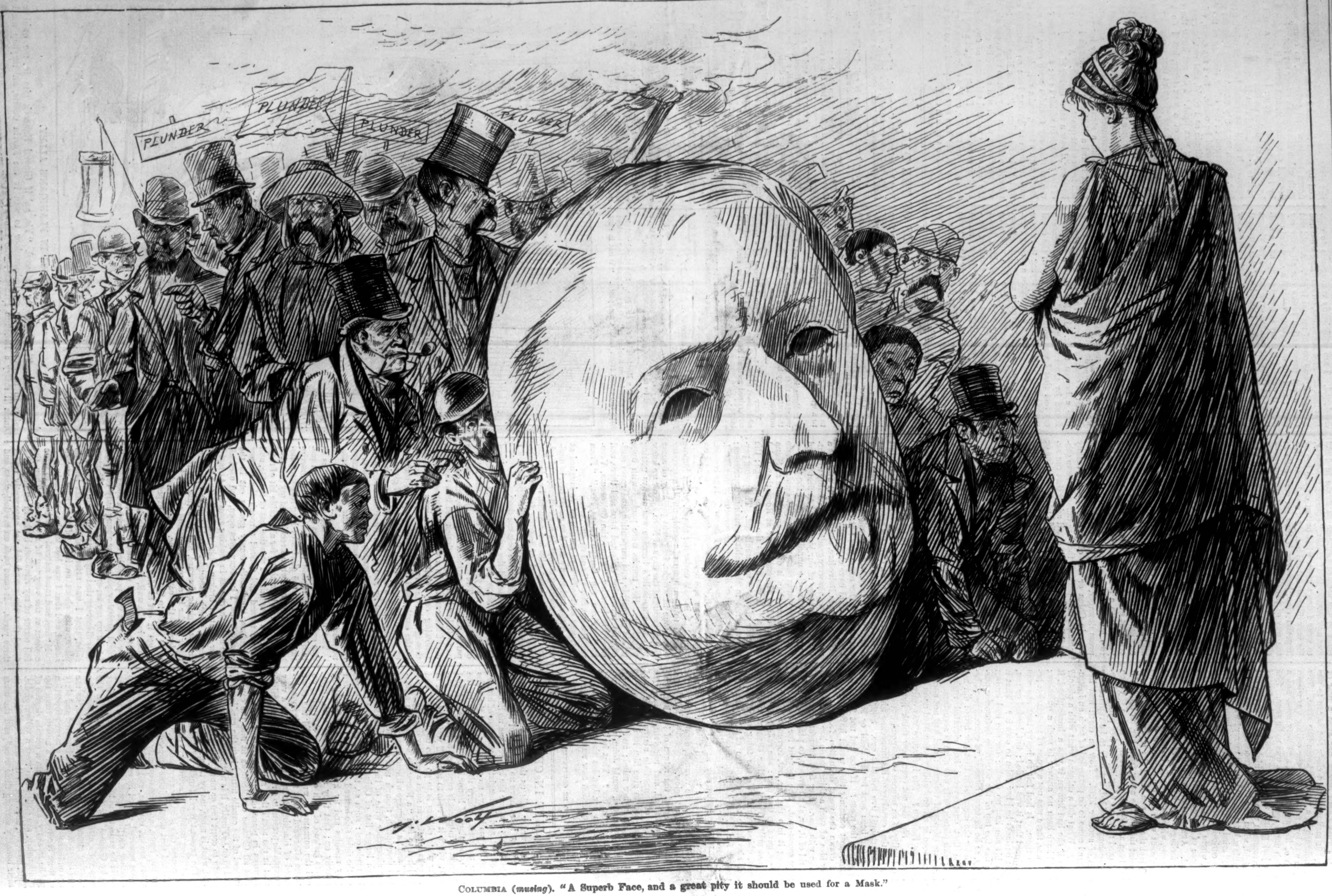
"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer, just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

"I'm a census taker," said he, smiling, in the doorway. "All right, but you mustn't in-cen-sus," said the man of the house, and he was immediately arrested, and fined $100, according to law.

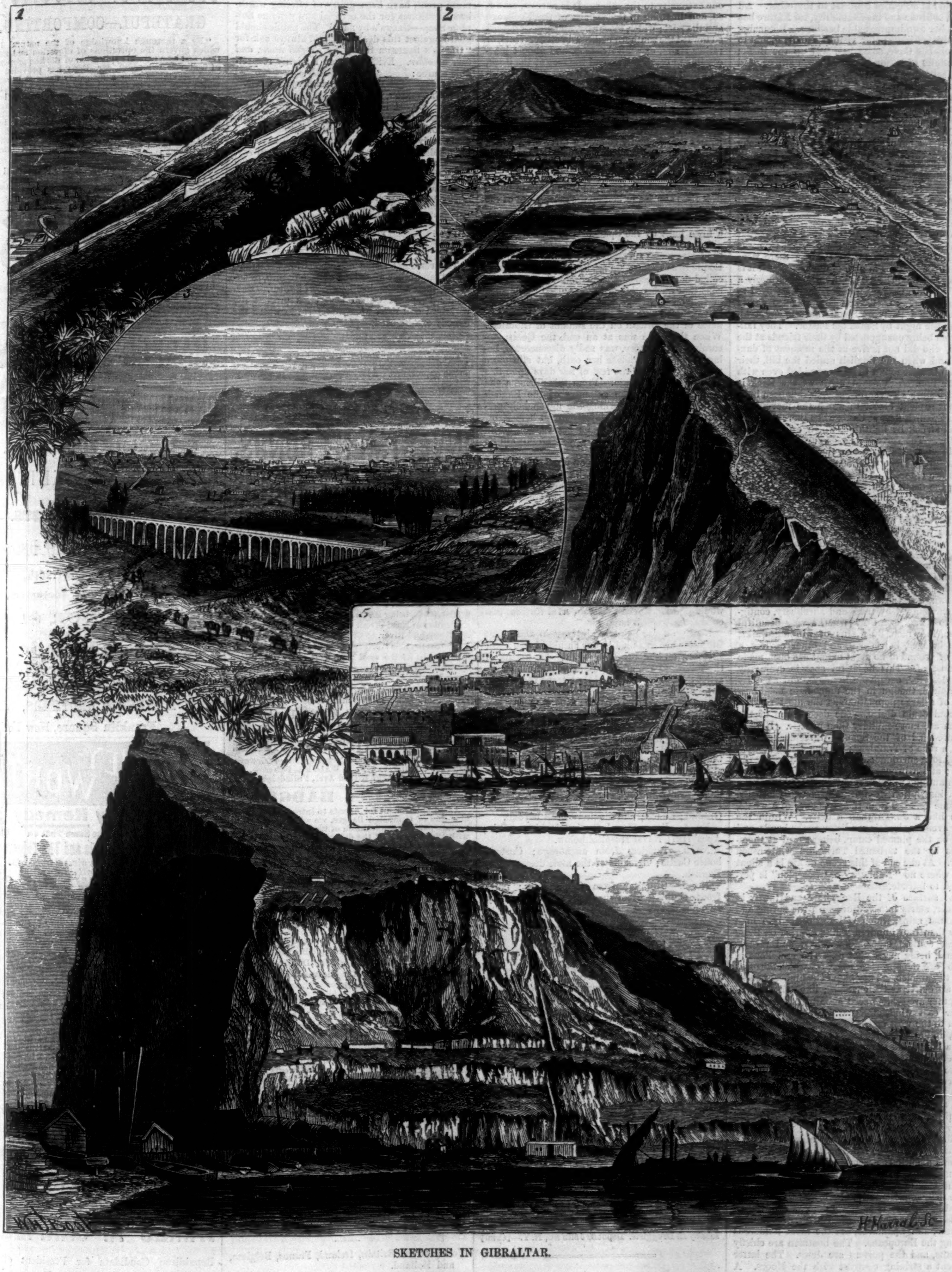


POLITICS IN FLANIGAN'S ALLEY.

MRS. O'ROURKE (*to admiring listeners*). "Yis, an' if Gineral Hancock gits in, me owld man ixpicts to be sint away as an Imbassadoor to wan iv the Furrin Coorts, an' mayhap me bye Dinnis 'll marry a Rooshun Princess—who knows?"


PLUNDER
PLUNDER
PLUNDER
PLUNDER

COLUMBIA (*musing*). "A Superb Face, and a great pity it should be used for a Mask."



SKETCHES IN GIBRALTAR.

GIBRALTAR.

IT is the generally received theory that this tremendous promontory of rock was, in the youth of creation, attached to Africa, and that the Atlantic and Mediterranean must then have communicated by the present bay of Gibraltar and the sandy isthmus which unites the "Rock" to Europe, until by some terrible convulsion of nature their waters found another passage by the straits through the riven African mountain. The most conspicuous of the mountains on the African coast is Mount Abyla, the other "Pillar of Hercules," as the two frowning masses of rock have been fantastically called.

The form of the Rock of Gibraltar is oblong, the summit a sharp craggy ridge, its direction is nearly from north to south, and its greatest length in that course falls very little short of three miles, while its breadth varies with the indentations of the shore, but nowhere exceeds three-quarters of a mile. The line of its ridge is undulated, and the two extremes are somewhat higher than the centre, the summit of the Sugar-Loaf, the point of greatest elevation toward the south, being 1439 feet, the rock Mortar, the highest point to the north, 1350, and the signal-house, which is nearly the central point between the two, 1276 above the level of the sea. The western side of the mountain consists of a series of rugged slopes interspersed with abrupt precipices; but its northern extremity is perfectly perpendicular except toward the northwest, where what is called the "Lines" intervene, and a narrow passage of flat ground leading to the isthmus is entirely covered with fortifications. The eastern side consists of a range of precipices, but a bank of sand rising from the Mediterranean in a rapid acclivity covers a third of its perpendicular height, while the southern extremity falls in a sudden slope from the summit of the Sugar-Loaf into a rocky tableland of considerable extent called Windmill Hill. This is bounded by a range of precipices, at the foot of which a second rocky table takes place, alike terminating in a precipice, which is washed by the sea, and the southern end of which forms Europa Point. A narrow, flat strip of land, called the "Neutral Ground," separates the Rock from the mainland. Seen from the mainland, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. At no point does the elevation of the isthmus above the level of the sea exceed ten feet, and its breadth at the base of the rock, from the Bay of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean, is not more than three-quarters of a mile.

The extreme end of the Rock is called Europa Point. Here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to *la Virgen de Europa*, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners, thus supplanting the Venus of the ancients. Now a new Protestant light-house and batteries have been erected. On the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens, albeit these pretty *rura in mare* savor more of the cockney than of Hercules. Round to the east is the cool summer pavilion of the Governor, nestled under beetling cliffs, and below is a cave tunnelled by the waves. Beyond this the Rock can not be passed, as the cliffs rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other. All here is solitude and inaccessibility, for Nature has reared her own impregnable bastions. Returning from this extreme point, visitors usually mount to St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honor of the garrison are, or used to be, settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue-lights. The next object of interest is the Moorish water-tanks, which have offered an admirable model to modern engineers. The Naval Commissioner's house, on this slope, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or *caved* mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," which lies above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savors more of Monsieur Foy's beef-fed Briton than of the hungry, religious, water-drinking Spaniard, whose artillery tank near the barracks below is still called "Nuns' Well."

The signal-house under the Spanish rule was called *el Hacho* (the torch), because there were lighted the beacons in case of danger. Near it is *la Silleta* (the little chair), to which formerly a path led from Catalan Bay. It was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards who crept up during the night by Senda del Pastor. They failed, from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who did not arrive at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, their assailants were found to be unprovided even with ammunition. The south point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower, or Folly, having been built by that sapient officer to watch the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz when there was one. It was struck by lightning, which completed its inutility. The Torre Mocha, or Torre de Omenaje, is riddled with shot marks, the honorable scars of the great siege of 1780. Near this the galleries are entered. These are tunnelled in tiers along the north front. The gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth; but the glorious defense made Gibraltar popular, and no money that could be spent on the fortress was grudged. These batteries are perhaps more a show of terror than a reality; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis, and the "Hall of St. George," where the immortal Nelson was feasted.

Immediately beyond the south port, outside of the town, lies the parade ground, a large level area surrounded by trees and shrubbery, contiguous to which is the Alameda, a very beautiful garden, in which, by means of winding walks, rustic bridges, belvederes, and other devices, a piece of ground of no great extent has been made the most of. This beautiful spot is ordinarily quite deserted, except on Sundays, and as quiet and retired, though in the immediate neighborhood of a large population, as the most meditative soul could desire. The decorations of the garden are more military than artistic. Here is a figure-head of the Spanish three-decker *Don Juan*, a relic of Trafalgar; an iron statue of General Eliott, surrounded with bombs as during the siege; and a bronze bust of Wellington placed on an antique pillar brought from Lepida, with a Latin inscription by a Dr. Gregory. Close by, Neptune emerges from the jaw-bones of a whale, more like a Jonah than a deity. Within the leafy avenues the fair sex listen to the bands, and gaze on the plumed camp, being gazed at themselves by the turbaned Turk and white-robed Moor. At one end of this scene of life is a silent spot where no "Nabitant" or "Scorpion" is permitted to intrude.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains, which call the seeds into life; more than four hundred plants flourish on these almost soilless crags. Partridges and rabbits abound, being never shot at. The real lions of "Gib" are the apes, *los monos*, for which Solomon sent to Tarshish. They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levanter, or east wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails, and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the "town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the *palmito*. For them also there is a religious toleration, and they are never molested; but such is the principle of English colonization—*ne quieta movere*.

Gibraltar is said to contain about 20,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the military. The streets present a curious assemblage of various tribes and nations, kindreds and tongues. All the states of the Mediterranean, and many others besides, have their representatives here, and the language heard in the streets suggests the Tower of Babel. British soldiers and civilians, Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, are the most numerous among the Europeans. The boatmen are chiefly Italians, and the porters are Jews. The latter present a striking contrast with the Moors. A nobler-looking animal than the Moor is rarely to be seen in any part of the world; a more abject and miserable-looking object than the native Jew of Gibraltar is seldom to be met with. He stoops almost double as he shuffles along, slipshod and dirty; his eyes, like boiled gooseberries, are fixed upon the ground; and his sallow, lean countenance is expressive of nothing but meanness. The Spanish residents of Gibraltar are in no way remarkable in their appearance; neither are the inhabitants of the neighboring country by any means so striking in their appearance as the wild, free mountaineer of Ronda, who frequently visits Gibraltar in the prosecution of his smuggling avocations. There is in the whole town only one street worthy of the name. This occupies the narrow space of level ground between the Line wall and the foot of the Rock, and extends from one extremity to the other. It is narrow, crowded, and bustling in the vicinity of the Exchange and the port; wider, more airy, and almost deserted toward the southern end. The other streets, or rather stairs, excessively steep, and almost inaccessible to carriages, ascend the face of the Rock, on which the greater part of the town is confusedly huddled together. The houses for the most part appear close, confined, and airless, and since the siege have been built more after the fashion of the north, so that the town has entirely lost its Spanish or Moorish character. The walls of the houses are generally colored a dirty blue, which gives them a gloomy appearance. Gibraltar is therefore anything but a pretty town within, but its appearance from the bay is very picturesque. House towers above house, and one range of buildings rises above another, up the steep front of the precipitous rock.

About six miles from Gibraltar lies San Roque, a town built by the Spaniards of Gibraltar who did not choose to live under British rule when the fortress was surrendered. To the east of San Roque rises a long, sloping, lofty hill or mountain, called the "Queen of Spain's Chair." The legend runs that during the siege the Queen established herself on this ridge, and took an oath never to leave it until she saw the Spanish flag hoisted in place of the British on the summit of Gibraltar. When the siege was at an end, the Queen, according to the story, was sadly disconcerted, being unwilling to violate her oath, but still more unwilling to spend the rest of her days upon this inhospitable mountain. From this dilemma she was delivered by the gallantry of the English Governor, who, on learning the melancholy predicament in which her Majesty found herself, ordered the British flag to be hauled down, and the Spanish colors hoisted for five minutes in its room.

Gibraltar being a fortress on war footing, strict rules are of course observed. Everything is in perfect readiness, and the gates are shut at sunset, and not opened until sunrise. Formerly civilians were obliged to carry a lantern after midnight, nor is any one allowed out after that hour except officers and those passed by them. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and being responsible for his conduct. These precautions are absolutely necessary, as the place can never be taken except by treason, and there are many besides the Spaniards themselves who would be glad to see this wonderful fortress rescued from English hands.

Nearly all the points of interest in and about Gibraltar are included in our admirable series of sketches on the preceding page. By means of the following explanatory notes submitted by the artist the reader will be able to trace them without difficulty:

No. 1.—The Signal Station; Moorish wall; San Roque; and the bay.

No. 2.—The Neutral Ground, from the galleries of Gibraltar; Water-works; Race-course; Musketry ranges; Spanish Lines; Queen of Spain's Chair; First and Second Towers; Ronda Mountains.

No. 3.—Gibraltar, from the north side of the old Roman Aqueduct, Algeciras; Bull-ring on the left; Green Island; Women washing; Neutral Ground; Simea; and Mediterranean beyond.

No. 4.—From Signal Station, looking south; Apes' Hill; Naval Hospital below.

No. 5.—Tangiers from anchorage; Custom-house Castle; Remains of the mole destroyed by English.

No. 6.—Gibraltar, from Calpe Jetty; north front, showing Moorish castle; galleries, bay-side guard, etc.

HEART DISEASE.

Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, Thomas Bishop,
Note Teller Nat. Bank of the Republic,
To Messrs. Morgan & Allen. New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
MAKES A DELICIOUS DRINK.

Dr. M. H. Henry, the widely known and eminent family physician, of New York, says:

"Horsford's Acid Phosphate possesses claims as a beverage beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine, and in nervous diseases I know of no preparation to equal it.—[*Com.*]

For Moth Patch, Freckle, Tan, the only sure cure is Dr. B. C. Perry's *Lotion*. Dr. Perry's *Comedone* and *Pimple Remedy* (a different preparation) positively cures Pimples, Face Grubs, Blackheads. Send for circular. Brent Good & Co., 35 and 37 Park Place, N.Y.—[*Com.*]

The only absolute cure for Catarrh and Eye Diseases is Eyeoline. 50c. bottle, by druggists.—[*Com.*]

Some unprincipled dealers, for a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the original and genuine Sulphur Soap—Glenn's by name. The public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "Glenn's Sulphur Soap," *by its full name, and take no other*. Evidence from a highly respectable source:

Detroit, Mich., *August* 6, 1879.

C. N. Crittenton, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have travelled for three years for Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York; I have used "Glenn's Sulphur Soap" exclusively for about four years; also have recommended it to very many persons, and all say, as well as myself, that it *deserves* its reputation as the *best* Soap for all Skin Cleansing and Toilet purposes. Unprincipled Drug-Store keepers have endeavored to substitute other kinds of Sulphur Soap for Glenn's—but, having myself tried other kinds, I find *none* are so beneficial as the *Genuine* Sulphur Soap stamped "Glenn's," which always bears the name of "C. N. Crittenton, Proprietor," on the packet.
—[*Com.*] Yours truly, C. T. Z. Durand.

The remedial virtue of Cubebs for Catarrhal, throat, and other affections of like nature, by inhaling their smoke, has long been known. Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes present the very best and most approved form in which the remedy can be used.—[*Com.*]

The palm of superiority is awarded to Mrs. S. A. Allen for her World's Hair Restorer, and a grateful public appreciates. Every Druggist sells it.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

INVESTMENT BONDS.

FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS
OF THE
Fort Madison & Northwestern Railway Co.
DATED APRIL 1, 1880, AND DUE IN 1905.
Bonds of $500 and $1,000 each.
Principal and Interest Payable in Gold in New York.
UNION TRUST CO., N. Y., TRUSTEE.

Length of road, **100** miles; whole issue of bonds, **$700,000**, being **$7,000** per mile.

Location of Road—from City of Fort Madison, Iowa, on Mississippi River, to City of Oscaloosa, Iowa.

Interest payable April 1st and October 1st.

For sale at 95 and accrued interest, with a bonus of 20 per cent. on the par value of each Bond in full paid stock of the Company.

Applications for Bonds, or for further information, Prospectus, &c., should be made to
JAMES M. DRAKE & CO., Bankers,
Drexel Building, 29 Wall St., N. Y.

NOVEL, BEAUTIFUL, PRACTICAL.

Walter's New Method of Carpeting Fine Stairways. Send for Circular, to **T. F. WALTER, Patentee,**
1227 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAMPAIGN BADGES.

As an inducement for Agents to introduce our popular line of Campaign Badges, we will send by mail, postage paid, a sample dozen of the best selling styles, with Photographs of the different Candidates, on receipt of 50c. These retail for $1 25. Campaign Clubs will save money by writing for our Illustrated Catalogue of equipments before placing their orders. Address
PECK & SNYDER, Mfrs. of Campaign Goods,
124 and 126 Nassau St., New York.

THE SEA-SHORE COTTAGE

At Atlanticville, near Long Branch, will open June 21st. It is for Working Girls and Teachers. The charge for two weeks is Nine Dollars, including the fare both ways; or, for one week, Five Dollars. Application to be made at the
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 7 East 15th Street, N. Y.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

Better than a horse, because you can ride it more miles in a day than a horse can go, and it eats nothing. Send 3c. stamp for 24-page Illustrated Catalogue; or, 10c. for Catalogue and copy of Bicycling World.
THE POPE M'F'G CO.,
83 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Harper's European Guide-Book
FOR 1880.
By W. Pembroke Fetridge.
IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.
The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.
Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

25 **Hancock & English or Garfield & Arthur Cards, name printed, 10c.** Hill & Co., Lebanon, N. H.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
London, Eng.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS
LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS,
Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire-Proof Coatings, Cements. Send for Samples, Illustrated Pamphlet, and Price-List.
H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
Splendidly Illustrated.
CARTOONS AND SKETCHES
BY
WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.
The Political Situation Fully Discussed.
July 1st to November 20th,
(Nos. 1226 to 1247, inclusive),
22 WEEKS FOR $1 50.
Postage Prepaid.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Remedy
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE
Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Why have sleepless nights!
Use **KIDNEY WORT** *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* **One package will make six qts of Medicine.** *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.*
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

LIFE
OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

A popular life of General Garfield, prepared by Edmund Kirke, who has had unusual facilities for securing ample and trustworthy information. The life of Garfield is one of the great romances of the West. The struggles of his early life and the patriotic services of his manhood, as soldier and statesman, are here faithfully portrayed; and the narrative is accompanied by excellent illustrations. The biographical sketch is supplemented by Garfield's most important speeches.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

USEFUL BOOKS
FOR
AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Republican or Democrat?

A Retrospect, with its Lesson for the Citizen of 1880. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

Life of James A. Garfield,

Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Nordhoff's Politics for Young Americans.

Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. 16mo, Half Leather, 75 cents.

Fish's Parliamentary Law.

American Manual of Parliamentary Law; or, The Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies. Systematically Arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents; Leather Tucks, $1 00.

Eaton's Civil Service in Great Britain.

Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By Dorman B. Eaton. With an Introduction by George William Curtis. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Richardson's National Banks.

The National Banks. By H. W. Richardson. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

Newcomb's A B C of Finance.

The A B C of Finance; or, the Money and Labor Questions Familiarly Explained to Common People, in Short and Easy Lessons. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

Atkinson's Labor and Capital.

Labor and Capital Allies—Not Enemies. By Edward Atkinson. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

Stickney's A True Republic.

A True Republic. By Albert Stickney. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Story on the Constitution of the United States.

A Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the United States. Designed for the Use of School Libraries and General Readers. With an Appendix containing important Public Documents illustrative of the Constitution. By Joseph Story. 12mo, Cloth, $1 05.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

CONSTITUTION WATER.

40 DROPS OF Constitution Water, THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES BRIGHT'S DISEASE, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

ELGIN WATCHES, All styles, Gold, Silver and Nickel, $6 to $150. Chains, etc., sent C. O. D. to be examined. Write for Catalogue to STANDARD AMERICAN WATCH CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

SIGLAR'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
A select Boarding School for 25 Boys. Fits to take the highest rank at Yale and Williams. For circulars address HENRY W. SIGLAR, M.A. (Yale.)

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Copyright, 1879, Mrs. C. Thompson.

The THOMPSON Patent Saratoga "WAVE" (which took 1st Premium at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition) made wholly of natural curly hair, is indispensable to a lady who is bald, or whose front hair is thin or will not remain in crimp in **damp or warm weather.** No crimping pins used. It is the "latest" and best, being guaranteed to wear **three times longer** than **ANY** other wave made. Out of over 5,000 sold **NOT ONE** returned as unsatisfactory. **Price $6 to $12.** Sent C. O. D. with privilege of returning. To be had **ONLY** of **MRS. C. THOMPSON, 107** State St., Chicago. Illust'd Catalogue free.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR.
The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence. Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, The manufacturers of the world-renowned
ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
J. W. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York.

BIBB'S
Celebrated Original
BALTIMORE FIRE-PLACE HEATERS
To warm upper and lower rooms. The handsomest, most economical Coal Stoves in the world.
B. C. BIBB & SON
Foundry Office and Salesrooms, 39 and 41 Light Street,
Baltimore, Md.
Marbleized Slate Mantels.
☞ *Send for Circulars.*

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD,
PUBLISHED DAILY IN AUGUST, 1880,
Contains Stenographic reports of lectures and addresses delivered at Chautauqua Meetings. Price for the season, One Dollar.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,
A Popular Monthly Magazine, the organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Price One Dollar for the ten numbers. The two taken together in Clubs of Five, $1 80 each. T. L. Flood, A.M., Editor.
Address **M. BAILEY, Publisher,**
Jamestown, N.Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year	1 50

A COMBINATION OFFER.

Harper's Magazine Harper's Weekly Harper's Bazar	One Year	$10 00
Harper's Magazine Harper's Weekly	One Year	7 00
Harper's Magazine Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00
Harper's Weekly Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid.

Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, bound in cloth, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, sent by mail, postage prepaid.

There are 60 volumes of the Magazine, 23 volumes of the Weekly, and 12 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of Harper's Weekly and Bazar render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the Weekly, Outside Page, $2 00 a line; Inside Pages, $1 50 a line. In the Bazar, $1 00 a line. In Young People, 75 cents a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. **SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN,** 687 Broadway, N. Y.

COLORIFIC
Colors hair a beautiful brown or black, leaving it soft and glossy. Applied in five minutes. One preparation—no lead, sulphur, or sediment.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS.
THE LIFE OF
GEN. JAS. A. GARFIELD,
By his personal friend, MAJOR BUNDY, Editor *N. Y. Mail*, is the **only edition** to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed, and bound. Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. **Active Agents Wanted.** Liberal terms. Send **$1 06 at once** for complete outfit.
A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE.
The Pioneer in the Graded System, and also in 3 years' course of Instruction adopted by American Medical College Association, begins its next Session Sept. 28th. Physiological Laboratory established. ANATOMICAL MATERIAL IN UNLIMITED ABUNDANCE. Seats numbered, and secured in order of application. Professors' Fees, **$75.** Practitioners' Course through April, Fee, **$30.** For announcement or information, address **DR. J. H. HOLLISTER,**
70 Monroe St., Chicago.

XX COT (not painted, White Duck), $2.
Painted Red, Brown Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $2.50.
Painted Red, Striped Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $3.00.

COT FOLDED
XX CANVAS COT
27 IN WIDE
WEIGHT 12 LBS
MEAS 2 CUBIC F

Makes a perfect bed. No mattress or pillows required. Better than a hammock, as it fits the body as pleasantly, and lies straight. Folded or opened instantly. Self-fastening. It is just the thing for hotels, offices, cottages, camp-meetings, sportsmen, etc. Good for the lawn, piazza, or "coolest place in the house." Splendid for invalids or children. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. For **50 cts. extra,** with order, I will prepay express to any R. R. station east of Missisipi River and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For **75 cents,** in Minn., Iowa and Mo. **HERMON W. LADD, 108 Fulton St., Boston;** 207 Canal St., New York; 165 North Second St.,

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

740,000 Packages of Wickelman's
SNOWFLAKE CORN
Have been sold in the last year. A new and delightful food for all. No cooking necessary. Children cry for it, and in the hot weather there is nothing that can compare with Snowflake Corn. Try it. 10c. a package. For sale by all grocers. Manufactured by
SNOWFLAKE CORN WORKS,
36 and 38 River St., Chicago, Ill.

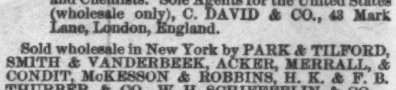
Campaign Goods
We are headquarters for Campaign Goods, such as Suits, Capes, Caps, Belts, Shirts, Torches, Pipes, Photographs, Banners, Badges, &c. **Agents Wanted! Clubs Supplied.** Complete sample suit by express $1.50, sample Badge 15c. by mail, two for 25c., one dozen by mail $1.00. Either candidates. Portraits 12x16, 10 cents each; 4 for 25 cents.
E. G. RIDEOUT & CO.,
10 Barclay St., N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.



GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send stamp for Catalogue.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examination

Through the Dark Continent.

By HENRY M. STANLEY.

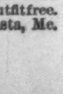
IN TWO VOLUMES.

Since the first of modern travellers attempted to solve the great problem of the source of the Nile, no work on Africa has appeared equal in interest or importance to Mr. Stanley's fascinating narrative of his journey through the Dark Continent. An achievement involving dangers, hardships, and suffering such as few men could survive to relate, his exploration of the River Congo from its source to its mouth, through the territory of hostile and barbarous tribes, in spite of appalling physical hindrances, and in the face of obstacles which at times threatened the destruction of the entire party, must be regarded as a wonderful exhibition of sagacity, courage, and endurance. Apart from its romantic side, Mr. Stanley's journey was of the highest importance from a scientific point of view. He traversed vast regions never before trodden by the foot of civilized man, solved a geographical problem second only in interest to that of the Nile, and opened a way for civilization and Christianity into the very heart of the African Continent.

The work is splendidly and profusely illustrated, from sketches and photographs by the author, showing the scenery and the people along his route, and many of his surprising adventures. It is also furnished with carefully engraved maps.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.
The New England Conservatory is the oldest in the country, and the largest Music School in the world. It employs seventy-five Eminent Professors has had over **25,000 Pupils,** & enjoys a reputation unequalled for furnishing **A FINISHED MUSICAL EDUCATION** a Complete Education at the very lowest rates. **$15** pays for 20 lessons, with collateral advantages amounting to 125 hours musical instruction, without extra charge. Private lessons if desired. *Persons who name the paper in which this advertisement was seen will receive pamphlet free.* **E. TOURJEE,** Music Hall, Boston.



CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES
representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

JUDGE AND JURY. A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.

LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

III.

SAMUEL LOVER. A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By Andrew James Symington. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cts.

IV.

THE NATIONAL BANKS. By H. W. Richardson. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

LIFE SKETCHES OF MACAULAY. By Charles Adams, D.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cts.

VI.

AMERICAN MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW; or, the Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies. Systematically arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

VII.

THE CONGREGATIONALISM OF THE LAST THREE HUNDRED YEARS, as Seen in its Literature: with Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Large 8vo, 1082 pages, Cloth, $6 00.

VIII.

THE QUEEN. A Biographical Sketch of Queen Victoria. By Mrs. Oliphant. With 44 Illustrations. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

IX.

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "Social Life in Greece." 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 00.

X.

DR. BUSHNELL'S LIFE. Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. With Two Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XI.

BUSINESS LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME. By C. G. Herbermann. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

XII.

GIBBON'S ROMAN EMPIRE. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes, by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. From New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels and Uncut Edges, in a box, $12 00. (Uniform with the New and Popular Library Editions of Hume, Macaulay, Motley, and Hildreth which have been recently published.)

XIII.

PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE EARTH. Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth. By Arthur Nicols, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

XIV.

DR. MUHLENBERG'S LIFE. Life and Work of Dr. Muhlenberg. By Anne Ayres. With Two Portraits on Steel. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XV.

A MODEL SUPERINTENDENT. A Sketch of the Life, Character, and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven, of the International Lesson Committee. By H. Clay Trumbull, Editor of the "Sunday-School Times." With a Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore: Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. 15 cents.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. 15 cents.

David Armstrong; or, Before the Dawn. 10 cents.

Mary Anerley. By R. D. Blackmore. $1 00. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

Miss Bouverie. By Mrs. Molesworth. 15 cents.

The Duke's Children. By Anthony Trollope. 20 cts.

Poet and Peer. By Hamilton Aïdé. 15 cents.

The Pennant Family. By Anne Beale. 15 cents.

Mrs. Austin. By Margaret Veley. 25 cents.

Reata: What's in a Name. By E. D. Gerard. 15 cts.

Clara Vaughan. By R. D. Blackmore. 15 cents.

The Virginia Bohemians. By John Esten Cooke. 75 cents.

Fellow-Townsmen. By Thomas Hardy. 20 cents.

From Generation to Generation. By Lady Augusta Noel. 15 cents.

Prince Hugo. By Maria M. Grant. 15 cents.

A Foreign Marriage; or, Buying a Title. 75 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the **LIFE of**
GEN. JAS. A. GARFIELD
By his comrade in arms, **Gen. J. S. BRISBIN.** *Complete, authentic, low-priced.* **Fully illustrated.** Positively the *best and cheapest* book. *None other official.* Send **50c.** *at once* for outfit. We give the **best terms.** *Act* **quick** *and you can* **coin money.** HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa.
Opens September 8th.
Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics, and English. Degrees conferred. Col. THEO. HYATT, President.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the sale of our popular Subscription Books. Circulars sent on application to HARPER & BROTHERS,
Subscription Book Department,
Franklin Square, N. Y.